Vol. CXXXVII. No. 1782.

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THE BYSTANDER FEBRUARY 9, 1938.

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The Bystander

Ker Seymer

The Lady Anne Gathorne-Hardy — To-day's Bride

Lady Anne Gathorne-Hardy is being married to-day at Chelsea Old Church to Mr. George Heywood Hill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, of Great Orchard, Bignor, Sussex. Instead of a wedding reception to-day, they gave a large cocktail-party yesterday for all their friends. Lady Anne Gathorne-Hardy is the only sister of the Earl of Cranbrook. She had been working with Mr. Hill in his Curzon Street bookshop before their engagement was announced

"Horoscope"

Where England Leads: By Arnold L. Haskell

"THE successful ballet can only be the result of a close collaboration." These words in scarlet letters should be hung up over every impresario's desk. Diaghileff understood them, and whether his productions were successes, "magnificent failures," or just plain flops, they succeeded or failed as a whole. In this respect there is a very strong resemblance between his laboratory at Monte Carlo and Rosebery Avenue to-day. The new Sadler's Wells ballet, *Horoscope*, is essentially a whole, the result of a very close collaboration between Constant Lambert, composer, Frederick Ashton, choregrapher, and Sophie Fedorovitch, decorator. From the moment that these three persons met and conspired, it became a work of importance in which the chances of failure were reduced to a minimum. The Russians would be well advised to take example from this. It takes months and not weeks to add a new work to the repertoire.

CONSTANT LAMBERT'S is an ideal ballet score, perfect in timing, melodious, and arriving somewhere; it develops into the finest and most satisfying finale I have heard in a contemporary ballet score. Even the scientific monotony of the introductory palindrome serves its purpose as a preparation and a contrast. This is the music of a composer who is completely sure of himself and is not frightened of melody. There is none of the thin, dissonant modern formula of orchestration nearly always the result of an inferiority complex. First as conductor, now as composer for ballet, Constant Lambert stands almost alone as an expert, a long journey from *Romeo and Juliet* and *Pomona*, brilliant juvenilia though they were.

AND just as the score reveals a new Lambert, the choregraphy reveals a new, confident Ashton who is no longer content to beguile us with facile ingenuity. This deeply-moving choregraphy is not of the type about which one could ever use that lunatic formula of the 'twenties, "How amusing."

Ashton has always possessed an amazing sense of the theatre. It made him a personality before he was mature, and for a time it nearly lost him. Even in his best work, while the more intimate portions in the foreground were brilliant, the background suffered. Here his corps de ballet is equally fine, architectural in the best sense of a word which all too often implies something static that is beautiful in itself but that does not flow with the music. There is no trace of slickness here, and Lambert's theme is not a pretext but part of the fabric of music and choregraphy, so that the ballet is dramatically exciting.

SOPHIE FEDOROVITCH'S décor, not too well executed—the paint was dry and the outline hard—forms an admirable setting for a world of stellar conflict, and her colour scheme gives us a fine example of collaboration; when introduced by the brass, the hot, coloured costumes mix like the devouring flame of a prairie fire with the pale, moonlit costumes already on the stage. My only criticism is that the high, hard collars of the followers of Leo shorten the neckline.

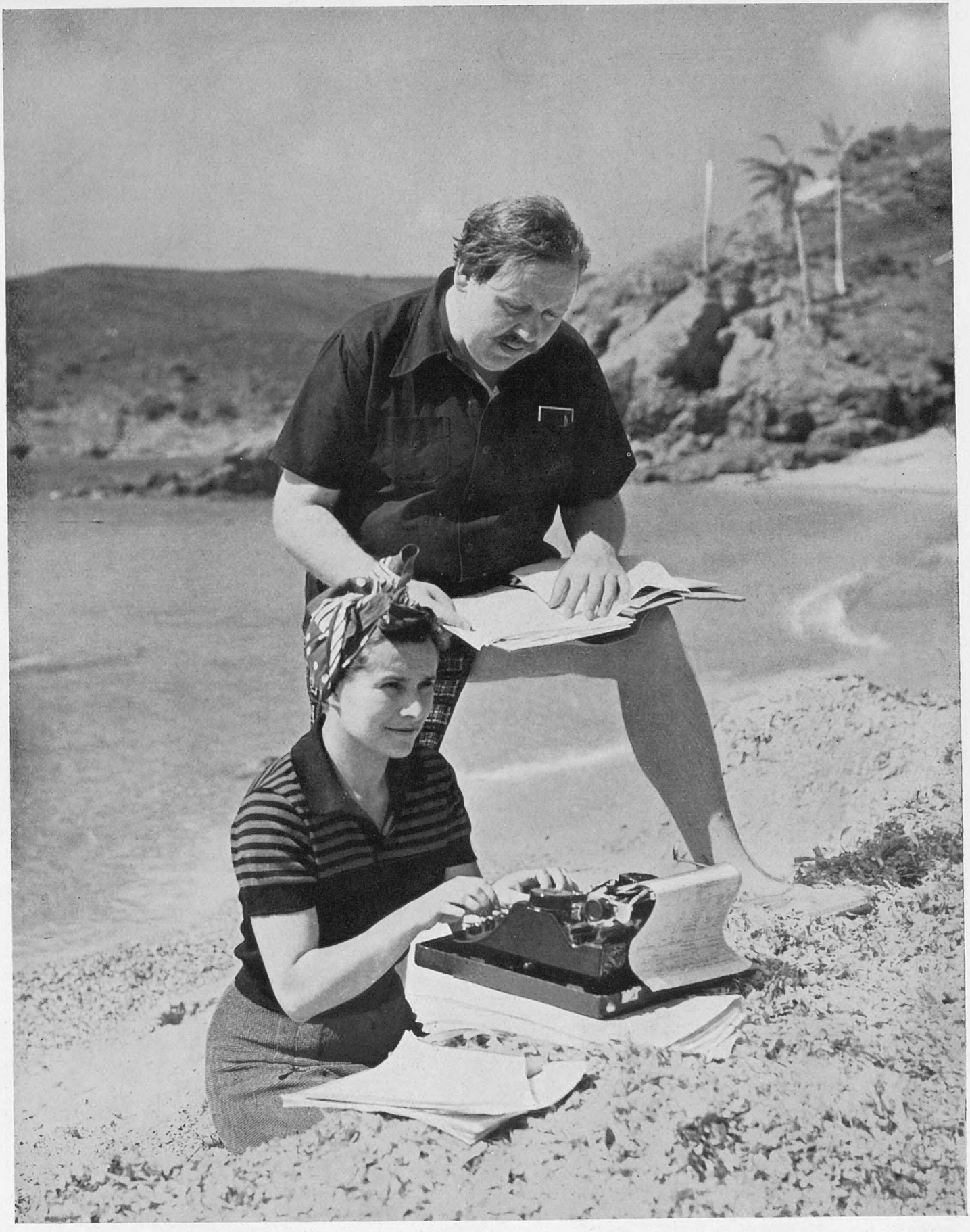
THE collaborators are magnificently served by the cast. Margot Fonteyn always possessed a quality that is inborn, but lacked the necessary attack. To-day, like Lambert and Ashton, she is sure of herself, and there is something triumphant about her dancing. I know of no other ballerina—and the title is hers by right—whom it gives me greater pleasure to watch.

Pamela May is a classical dancer with a strong technical equipment and something more. All her recent work has been informed by a fine intelligence. Her Moon was a true creation with a line that really suggested the crescent. She will go a long way.

In their small entrance, Elizabeth Miller and June Brae added a fine touch of frenzy.

Michael Somes, a discovery, is magnificently musical and has a lightness of foot that is rare. He is a splendid example of the new classical dancer. His partnering, too, is well above the average. When he gains in self-assurance — provided he keeps the same modest charm — he will be a very prominent figure in our national ballet.

WITH *Horoscope*, ballet, now truly indigenous in England, reaches a splendid maturity. It is no chauvinistic cry to add that both in creation and in creative method, in the Diaghileff sense, it leads the ballet world to-day.



"Take a Letter"—Charles Laughton on Location

Charles Laughton's new film, which was in the making when this secretarial interlude was taking place, is having its London premiere in two weeks' time. *Vessel of Wrath* is based on Somerset Maugham's story, and the out-of-door scenes were made at St. Tropez, on the French Riviera. Its star did some private business in intervals of shooting, with the beach as his office and one of the film company's secretaries, who also acted as interpreter out there, to dictate to. Elsa Lanchester is in the film too. It is a Pommer-Laughton-Mayflower production, and the premiere, at Laughton's special request, is being given in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, on February 24th, at the Regal

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 58

Gracie Fields

GRACIE FIELDS is that extraordinary creature, a star who is perfectly frank about everything, including her age. The other day she had her fortieth birthday and was positively proud of it. In a way, though, she has never grown up. She calls her servants "luv." When I called for her in my car the other night she said: "Ooh, they 'll think I 've got off." What I particularly like about Gracie Fields is her absolute refusal to be typed, and the minute Florence Desmond parodies her in a song, she never sings it again. If it comes to that she never sings the same programme two nights running even in the same music-hall. No wonder her orchestra leader and pianist both say that they have to be mind-readers to keep up with her. As for being typed—as a Lancashire comedienne, for example—nothing could be more ridiculous. She picks up accents as cigars pick up perfumes or smells in a cupboard—just naturally; and as she says, "I don't know what I am myself." Actually she was born in Rochdale, and decided to go on the stage in order to avoid getting up at 5 a.m. for the mill. So at the age of seven we find her winning a singing competition at Rochdale with the song, "What Makes Me Love You?" Gracie says her chief difficulty in those days was learning her aitches.

SOON, though, she became the Benefit Queen of the locality, singing practically at the drop of a hat for tuppenny pies or bottles of pop if there were no coppers or silver—and thus graduating to a juvenile troupe tastefully billed as the Nine Dainty Dots. Alas, she got so homesick that they had to send her back to Rochdale, although she protested that it was only toothache that made her cry so continuously. Hayley's Juveniles next incorporated our Gracie, but when she was fourteen her mother decided that she had to have a trade at her finger-ends and so put her to the mill where she spent six months winding cotton. Afraid, however, that her mother might discover what a good worker she was, she stole half her weekly wage (5s.) and soon received permission to join a concert party. It was the touring revue, *Mr. Tower of London*, which first introduced her to London. At this stage she was getting £5 a week and refusing £50 for nearly seven years without a single night off. She got so thin that she put on a succession of vests until finally she was wearing four (to-day she weighs 9 stone). At that time she "tied her clothes in the middle," and as long as they held up she was satisfied. Success after success followed her on the music-hall stage. She had married Archie Pitt. She bought her mother a house and estate at Peacehaven. She bought herself a villa at Capri. She went to the United States. Her fan-mail grew to 80,000 letters a year. She appeared in films and whatever the plot, they always broke records. Her mother and father are both alive "and both younger than me," says Gracie. As for her mother, it 's almost impossible to keep her out of the theatre, even at matinées. "You just can't sicken her," says Gracie. About food she is quite indifferent—a bit of steamed fish or a full-course dinner, it is all the same to her. She has never smoked and hasn't bothered to try. Off stage she is quite ready to go about without a make-up—not even lipstick. She calls the music-hall "the factory," lives in a house with a long drive off Swiss Cottage, never goes to the theatre or cinema herself, hates listening to her own gramophone records, thinks Monty Banks is the best film director in this country, earns twice the money of any other Englishwoman alive, and is really very lonely.

Charles Graves

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir Walter Citrine—a Powerful Person

Sir Walter Citrine's voice is not heard publicly in the deliberations at Westminster, nor does he pull silent strings in the region of Lombard Street, yet his name is a household word representing the most powerful bloc of the labour movement, standing for a new force which neither legislature nor finance recognised eighty years ago: Trade Unionism. Walter McLennan Citrine, a Lerpoolian educated "in elementary schools, etc.," stepped on to the T.U. ladder in 1914 and was ten years later assistant secretary to the Trades Union Congress. He was made general secretary in 1926, and has remained high priest at Transport House ever since, receiving a K.B.E. from the National Government in 1935. Trade Unionism by no means covers all his activities—mostly of a Leftish kind: he is, for instance, a director of the "Daily Herald," a member of the B.B.C. Advisory Council, Chairman of the World Anti-Nazi Council, and on the London Advisory Committee for the Glasgow Exhibition. Here he is with his hand on America, perhaps in view of the forthcoming trade talks

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

LONG JOHN SILVER and Captain Flint and old Pew and Billy Bones, the mate, and Israel Hands, the gunner, are abroad in the Mediterranean again. The Anti-Piracy Agreement at Nyon last year so completely intimidated the latter-day buccaneers that they shut up shop and returned to whatever port corresponds nowadays to the Dry Tortugas. In consequence, the signatory Powers, who had met at Nyon to keep the seas free for the legitimate traveller, cut down their flotillas and their air squadrons. The pirates have taken heart again, and have opened their operations with a torpedo attack on a British steamer outside territorial waters. The British ship Endymion has been sunk and eleven people drowned.

MR. DUFF COOPER, the First Lord of the Admiralty, has made quite a number of remarkable statements during the last year about British naval activities in protection of British shipping off the coasts of Spain. All along, the Admiralty under his guidance has been disposed to accept as if it was gospel truth any announcement by General Franco that he had blockaded this port or that with mines. The fact that over and over again British merchant skippers reported that no mines had been laid where General Franco proclaimed that they had been laid, was not admitted as evidence by the Admiralty. Again, Mr. Duff Cooper remarked not so long ago that if a British ship rescued a Spanish child and then sent a party ashore to rescue the child's mother, it would be a clear case of intervention in the Civil War. Now he has infuriated the Opposition in Parliament by his casual reference to the sinking of the Endymion by General Franco's navy, and by making no reference in his first statements to the tragedy of the lives which were lost in the piratical attack.

MR. EDEN, on the other hand, gained the approval of the whole House on the following day when he expressed the deep concern of the Government at the attack on the Endymion. He went on to say that the Government was making definite proposals to France and Italy for strengthening the Mediterranean Patrol. These proposals include instant attacks upon any submerged submarine found lurking on the prescribed routes, whether it has been attacking commerce or not. In other words, the mere fact of its being submerged is to be regarded as proof that it is a pirate.

THE coal-owners are putting up a stout-hearted but, if I may say so, fat-headed opposition to Part II. of the Coal Bill. They have taken a great deal of space in the daily newspapers in order to put their case, and they have put it with so much detail that I do not suppose anyone except they themselves have ploughed their way through the double-column splash. Without a doubt there is something to be said on the side of

En Route for Berlin

Mr. Hugh R. Wilson is America's new Ambassador in Germany, succeeding Mr. William E. Dodd. He was in London last week on his way to Berlin

the owners of what is probably the most tricky industry in the country. But the case against them is so clear and so strong that they would have been better advised to have made their own case as strong as possible by making it as clear as possible.

IN spite, however, of the ponderous way in which the owners have put their case, the Government made a concession to them over the Compulsory Amalgamation Clauses of the Coal Bill. Mr. Oliver Stanley announced in the House that he would bring in an amendment under which a select committee would enquire into the amalgamation proposals, and that the interested parties could be represented at the enquiry. The House, however, refused to accept the owners' main amendment which would have taken out of the Bill the machinery for a simple procedure for enforcing amalgamation and would have substituted for it a complicated machinery which might take four years to work.

THERE can be no doubt that something rather queer is going on behind the scenes in Germany. It has been common property for a considerable time that the Army does not see eye to eye with every point of the Administration. In fact, the Reichswehr approves of Herr Hitler and General Goering, but does not like Dr. Goebbels and his propaganda. The test point seems to be the marriage of Field-Marshal von Blomberg to his twenty-nine-year-old secretary. To marry the daughter, as it is alleged, of a bricklayer, is a serious social lapse in the eyes of the old sticklers of the German Army. And the fact that Hitler and Goering both signed the Field-Marshal's marriage certificate is a difficult pill for the diehards to swallow.

THE new American battleships are going to force into the open a vitally important point in American foreign policy. Oddly enough they are going to do this literally by a matter of inches. When the British battle-cruiser took the Prince of Wales round the world, it passed through the Panama Canal with thirty inches to spare on each side. It was 32,000 tons. If the United States build 45,000-ton battleships as a counter to the Japanese fleet, they will not be able to go through the Canal. The White House will, therefore, have to face the dilemma of either widening the Canal or else admitting to Senator Borah and Senator Hiram Johnson that there is a secret arrangement by which the British Navy is prepared to take on the defence of America's Atlantic coast. It is an awkward point.

THE Lord Chief Justice spoke some strong and admirable words in the case in which an actor obtained damages against two policemen. "One of our most priceless possessions is the liberty of the subject. If once we show any signs of giving way to the abominable doctrine that because things are done by officials therefore some immunity must

Autocrat's Goose-step

Dictator's compliment to Dictator, the Fascist Militia have learnt the goose-step ready for Hitler's visit to Rome in May. At the first parade, when the new step was used, Mussolini himself gave a virile demonstration at the head of his troops

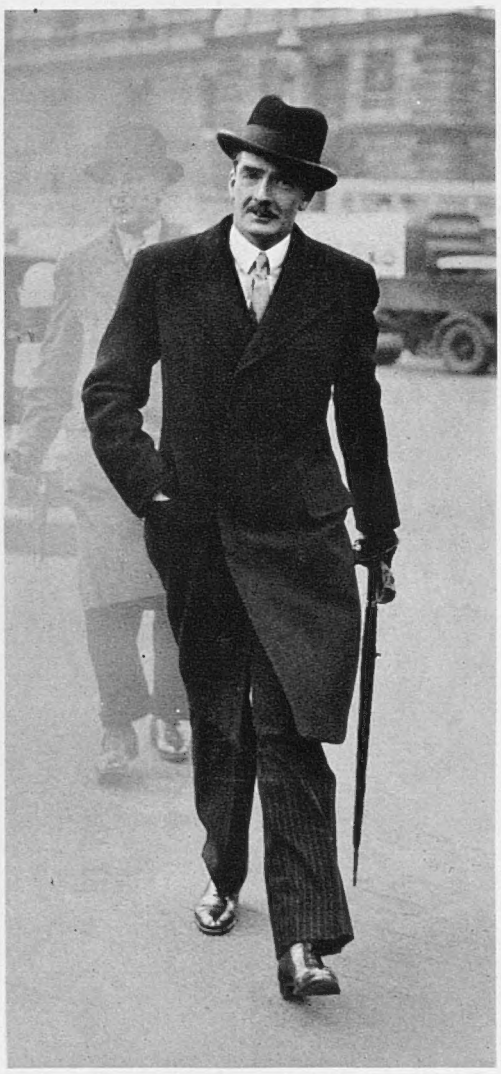
be extended to them, what is to become of our country ? "

"AUNTIE" *Times* shakes her venerable curls with unctuous gentility over this, that, and the next thing, and we are apt to smile from time to time at the dear old thing. But sometimes she puts her elastic-sided feet on firm ground, and then we can all shout "Hooray for 'Auntie'!" One of these moments has cropped up over the Owen case and Oxford University. In 1924 a certain Mr. Owen was appointed Director of the Agricultural Institute at Oxford, and he is alleged to have used his position to pick up a packet on the side. Later, he was grabbed by the gendarmerie and popped into the cooler for a term of enforced rest. The people out of whom he had extracted his packet thereupon sued the University, and after seven years the case has been settled on payment by the University of £70,000. It is a bad business, but "Auntie" is absolutely right in asking who was responsible for the original appointment of Mr. Owen, and who were his backers and what were his credentials.

THAT eminent moralist, Mr. James Douglas, has been shooting his ear again. This time he has been throwing vitriol-and-water, or synthetic bricks, whichever you like, over Robert Louis Stevenson and his *Jekyll and Hyde*. Morbid brutality, loathsome horror, vile degradation, defilement of one of the noblest and holiest ideas in literature, these are some of Maître Douglas's chunks of half-baked clay. Well, it is only a matter of opinion, after all. But the Seer of Visions, the Dreamer of Dreams, makes one big mistake when he climbs up out of the arena of his particular form of controversy into the upper air of arithmetic. "He wrote it," cries Mr. Douglas accusingly, "as he sat up in bed—64,000 words in six days, more than 10,000 words a day. He copied out the whole story in two days." Staggered at the industry of the man who could write 32,000 words in twenty-four hours, twice, I turned up my Stevenson. *Jekyll and Hyde* is about 22,000 words long. What about going down again, Mr. Douglas, eh ?

THERE can hardly be a journalist in Fleet Street who has not at one time or another suffered from the mistakes of proof-readers and sub-editors. Occasionally the boot is on the other foot (which, when one comes to think of it, is one of the most idiotic clichés in the language), and one suffers from the over-efficiency of the poor devils who, when they have finished enjoying the proofs of "The Passing Hour," are forced to struggle their way through "Standing By." Last week I wrote a little paragraph about the game which I have always called, and always will call, ping-pong. Alas! the zealous proof-reader, fascinated by the blarney of the ping-pong addicts, altered it to "table-tennis." The best commentary on this ludicrous name was provided by "Beachcomber," who wrote that it was a game invented by a Chinaman called Ping-Pong. When a torrent of indignant letters poured into his office, "Beachcomber" apologised and said that ping-pong was a game invented by a gentleman called Table-Tennis.

IN the Department of Elementary Education I have to announce that the new film of Mr. Sam Goldwyn called *The Hurricane* brings to the front a word which is unique in the English language. "Hurricane" is the only word we have which comes from the native Carib language of the island of Puerto Rico. That is the end of education for to-day, sweethearts. Run away and buy butterscotch.



Democrats' Umbrella-Walk on the Way to Their Re-assembled Parliament

Mr. Neville Chamberlain took a morning walk in St. James's Park in the first February sunshine. In the afternoon he answered questions on Lord Halifax's visit to Germany and the Van Zeeland report

Sir Thomas Inskip covered the pavement with a long brisk stride, but when he arrived at Westminster he had no statement to make about food storage for defence purposes to satisfy an anxious House of Commons

Mr. Anthony Eden also made his journey to the House of Commons on foot, with the inevitable umbrella. His contribution to the first day's work was a statement on the situation in China

Snow Story of the Week

Lenzerheide Pupil and Teacher

Miss Phyllis Cricker has been to Lenzerheide for eight seasons; now she is in the top ski class. She is with Hocholdinger, who runs the local ski school

Casualty

Air Vice-Marshal Arthur Barratt (he is Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College) had hurt his shoulder rather badly—was walking out to meet his family for a picnic lunch at the end of their run

Scottish Sisters in the Grisons

Two Kerr sisters, Jane and Violet, are at Lenzerheide with their parents, Major and Mrs. James Kerr, and yet another sister. Their home is Invery, near Banchory

Off to Grindelwald in Company

Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner, in a well-flowered Austrian coat, and Mr. John Bulcock were just going to ski down to Grindelwald from Kleine Scheidegg

Off to Wengen Alone

Lady Tarbat was off down to Wengen from Scheidegg by herself, her husband being on the casualty list with a sprained ankle. She is a beginner this year

Interlude at Scheidegg

Left: Mrs. John Taylor has a small son at school at Wengen, so she can ski down from Scheidegg to see him. With her is Mr. Bob Routh, American publicist, who lives mostly in London and has a very pretty debutante daughter, Virginia

Young-Marrieds at St. Anton

Mr. and Mrs. William Rhodes-Moorhouse were "flashed" in the Post Hotel bar one evening. He is on the committee of the Kandahar Club, won his Gold "K" in 1932. She was Amalia Demetriadi

Austrian Greeting

Lady Brecknock waved from the window of the Galtzig cable railway. She is Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent, and was in St. Anton with the Duchess and the Duke

Debutante at St. Anton

Mme. Schiaparelli's daughter "Gogo" had just come back to the Arlberg from Davos. She is to be a debutante of this summer

Right: Mrs. Ronnie Balcom and her dachshund were on a seat outside the St. Anton Post Hotel, where she and her husband were staying. She was Millicent Rogers, one of America's richest heiresses

Mrs. Ronnie Balcom

Maurice Chevalier at Davos

Maurice Chevalier had just arrived at Davos and got himself into his ski-ing clothes. Jessie Matthews has been at Wengen with her three-year-old adopted daughter, but has come back to London again now

Right: Jessie Matthews at Wengen

Feeding the Kitzbühl Birds

Miss Sybil Gardner was feeding the birds on the terrace of her father's villa at Kitzbühl. She is the daughter of Mr. William Gardner, and was one of last year's debutantes

Social Register

A WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S

Captain Monro and Miss Soames

Captain Alexander George Falkiner Monro, Cameron Highlanders, and Sanchia Mary (Bunty) Soames had a St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding, with a guard of honour and pipers from the bridegroom's regiment. He is the only son of the late Major George Monro and Mrs. Monro, of Auchenbowie, Stirlingshire; his wife is the elder daughter of Captain A. Granville Soames, of Duckings, Withyham, Sussex

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Bowes-Lyon and Lord Anson

Viscount Anson and Miss Anne Ferelith Bowes-Lyon announced their engagement from and were photographed at Shugborough Hall, near Stafford, the home of his parents, the Earl and Countess of Lichfield. Anne Bowes-Lyon is a daughter of the late Hon. John Bowes-Lyon and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon and a niece of the Queen

A CAREER LUNCHEON

Mr. Novello and Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon

The fourth of the series of lunches known under the title "Literary and Career Luncheons" was held at the Modern Girl Club in Curzon Street, when Ivor Novello and Margaret Morris were among the speakers. Mr. Novello was at table with Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon, a cousin of the Queen and second cousin of Anne Bowes-Lyon, whose picture is above

Lady Strabolgi and Mr. Botzaris

Lady Strabolgi and Mr. Sava Botzaris were two more guests and neighbours at the "Literary and Career" lunch at the Modern Girl Club. Mr. Botzaris, one of the most popular members of London's Yugoslav Colony, has an exhibition of sculpture and caricatures now open at the Leicester Galleries

Mr. Spens and Miss Pilkington

Thomas P. D. Spens, son of Colonel H. B. Spens, D.S.O., D.L., and Mrs. Spens, of Powis House, Stirlingshire, and Margaret Pilkington are a Scottish engaged couple. Her father is Mr. Alan D. Pilkington, of Dean Wood, Newbury, and Achvarasdale, Thurso, Caithness

Gatwick Spectators

The Master of Gray, M.C., Baroness Gray's heir, was with Mrs. Ian Tubbs at the Gatwick February meeting. His wife, who was Doreen Tubbs, and her husband are brother and sister

A 1938 DEBUTANTE

Miss Ann Miller

Ann Miller is one of the debutantes for the second year of King George VI.'s reign. She was photographed at 42, Lowndes Square, the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Miller. Her mother will give a dance for her there in May

A FASHION TRYPTYCH

Wide-Brimmed Hat

Lady Mary Cambridge was photographed on her way to Buckingham Palace dressed as a Girl Guide: she was to attend a parade of the Kingfisher Patrol of the Palace Company, of which Princess Elizabeth is a member

Fur-Lined Boots

The Duchess of Norfolk was photographed at Gatwick races, and her soft fur-lined boots were the most striking note of an otherwise leopard ensemble

Corduroy Trousers

Miss Rosamund Broughton, Sir Delves Broughton's only daughter, was following a strong fashion for hunt foot-followers when she came to the Quorn meet at Nether Broughton in black corduroy bags

M. and Mme. Vincent Paravicini

Miss Anne Chilton, Miss Jeanne Stourton, Prince Freidrich of Prussia

Miss Jeanne Stourton was "hostess" at the Ambassadors for the first night of "Nuts and May"; she made all the arrangements for the evening and collected a highly socialite audience. Miss Anne Chilton is the daughter of the British Ambassador to Spain; her parents were also in the theatre

First Nights—Play and Film

"Nuts and May" is the very light comedy in which Magda Kun, Steve Geray, and Peter Haddon are playing. After the first performance, several of the people in these pictures, including Lady Iris Mountbatten and Mr. Weldon, went on in a big party to the Dorchester. The Stonor brother and sister are Lord Camoys' only son and elder daughter

The Hon. Ralph and the Hon. Nadine Stonor

Lady Iris Mountbatten and Mr. Thomas Weldon

Mr. Hore-Belisha and Donna Degna Marconi

Donna Degna Marconi, daughter of the late Marchese Marconi, went to the Carlton to see the premiere of "The Buccaneer." With her was the Minister for War

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Three Sisters" (Queen's)

IT is in the order of things that a critic should praise this play. It is in the order of things that an audience, to signify appreciation, should applaud it. Yet one praises and one applauds with reluctance. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. One is so overwhelmed by the poignant beauty of the production that anything written or spoken must fall far short of what one feels. Moreover, the emotional reaction is so personal, so private, that one is in no mood for eloquence.

Before a dozen words have been spoken on the stage, one is subdued to the quality of Tchehov. Each time the sisters utter their cry of "Moscow," that cry is a pang in the heart, epitomising all the sweet hopes of humanity that will never be fulfilled. The old doctor keeps muttering that "It doesn't matter," while Vershinin, disappointed and disillusioned, still clings to his visions of a future when all will be as right with the world as in Gonzalo's Utopia. Now, surely, those critics who have wildly compared some of our younger writers to Tchehov must hang their heads! As reasonably compare a poetaster to Shakespeare because both write in blank verse.

THIS *Three Sisters* is the most beautiful play in London. And how beautifully it has been produced by Michel Saint-Denis, who gets into it a quality as light, as sad, as gay as Manet. It is, perhaps, the moments of gaiety that touch one most deeply, since here is never the mere gaiety of the moment — the sorrows of yesterday and of to-morrow are always there, to soften and to deepen it, and to remind us of its fragility. All Tchehov's characters are mellowed by an acute sense of the unrealised possibilities of the life that is slipping by them. These Russians, we may manfully complain, should set their teeth, should apply themselves to the next job to be done, and not go mooning all over the house about their disappointments. But when we set our teeth and think only of to-morrow's bread-and-butter, do we not move in a miasma of false values? It is well, at all events, to be recalled to the lovely world that we have lost from the mean square inch that we have won. To blind oneself to failure is not to face the issue.

IF Mr. Gielgud's season at the Queen's had produced only this, it would have more than justified itself. There is a tenderness in the acting so exquisite that it is like the passing of light. Particularly one is tempted to praise the performances of Miss Ffrangçon-Davies, of Miss Peggy Ashcroft, of Miss Angela Baddeley and of Mr. Michael Redgrave—I say tempted, because it is a shame to leave unmentioned so many who assist so valuably. The Motley interiors are Motley once more at their best. The lighting of the scene where morning enters the room will not soon be forgotten.

Here, in short, is a production of the very first order of one of the masterpieces of dramatic literature. Praised, I must repeat, with reluctance, being so much worthier of praise than the commonplaces on which prodigal critics squander their heritage of encomiums.

Sketches by Rouson

Colonel Vershinin (John Gielgud)

In the title role—Masha (Carol Goodner), Olya (Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies), Irina (Peggy Ashcroft)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"And how's your sick friend in hospital to-night, Albert?"

Pan Picture

POKING round the archives of Bristol Exchange somebody has found a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds to the Corporation of Bristol, dated 1784, saying that a half-length portrait of Lord Ashburton, Recorder of Bristol, was on its way by wagon from London, and the fee for painting it was 100 guineas. Which means, roughly speaking (and correct us if wrong) between 400 and 500 guineas to-day. Which shows (correct us again, if wrong) that Reynolds charged no more than the average front-rank modern British portrait-painter charges for a half-length to-day. And as they frequently have to tackle the features of peers and other personages even plainer than Lord Ashburton, who had a very homely pan indeed, one should not grudge the thousand guineas they ask (and get) for a full-length. We know one of the most eminent portrait boys very well. He conquered his nerves, on being faced for the first time with some of the uncouth dials he has been asked to perpetuate in oils, by running briskly twice round the Park before beginning the business talk. The curious thing is that as his blood pressure fell the price in his mind rose; which is as it should be.

Thus manfully to fight down one's feelings may occasionally do great service to Art. When the merchant Jan Arnolfini of Lucca, who had a face like the back of a lorry-load of Chianti, said he was going to have himself and his wife painted by that Flemish fellow, Van Eyck, everybody thought he was raving. "Per Bacco!" they said in Lucca. "Cor, lumme! What a clock! Hers, too! And in her condition! Miserere, Domine!" To-day you can spend a solid hour contemplating that little jewel of painting in the National and still not exhaust its wonder and pure delight. And you can bet Van Eyck got top price as well, the thrifty Fleming.

"The second movement begins with a lively theme played pianissimo by strings, clarionets, bassoons, trombones and tuba, and an announcer saying, 'Mugg's magnesia for heartburn, dyspepsia and all forms of discomfort after meals'!"

Erratum

ON turning up the morocco-bound album in which you so carefully paste these writings week by week, you will find that last week we were sincerely shocked by a report in the Press that the Liberal M.P.'s were to present Mr. Lloyd George with a measly silver-gilt cup for his golden wedding, and commented on this with pardonable horror and loathing. It turns out now that the cup was gold. For "measly," "hounds," "thin-faced," "starved," "chilly," "drab," "blinking," "peptonised," "fish-blooded," etc., therefore, read "magnificent," "heroes," "eupeptic," "stupendous," "entrancing," etc., and for "incapable of love," read "little bundles of love."

Up and Over

TWO very interesting sections of the *Times'* special Australian Supplement commemorating the 150th anniversary of the landing in Sydney Cove of Captain Arthur Phillip were, we thought, those devoted to Australian wines and literature, both topics on which we 've found our own Australian acquaintance sensitive. Heaven knows why it should make anyone restive to be told "You 're stout upstanding fellows, we admire your qualities tremendously, your physique is tops, your women are beautiful, your country and your climate are superb, you lick creation at cricket, your express trains are fine, your frozen mutton is a dream, and Sydney Harbour is the finest in the world, but you haven't yet produced a Chambertin or a Shakespeare." It does, however.

Hence it was agreeable to find the *Times'* Adelaide correspondent forbearing to claim pre-eminence for Australian vineyards, and the Professor of English Literature in the University of Western Australia forbearing to state as an axiom that Adam Lindsay Gordon is the greatest poet since Caedmon. Both these authorities were modest, balanced, and reasonable, and made no comparisons. The Professor, indeed, remarked quite bluntly that to practise literature in Australia to-day is a struggle against heavy odds. If you remember the fearful outcry there was some time ago because a British prima donna made some too-frank comment on Australian musical taste, you 'll realise that it 's a useful thing to have people at the top who see Life steadily (as Matthew Arnold said laughingly to the bookie) and see its holes.

Check

IN the interests of national defence the War Office now proposes to defile and ruin the Stiffkey Valley in Norfolk, that

lovely remote corner of England which enshrines what the old ballad calls " the holy land of Walsinghame." While the brass-hats naturally have an indisputable case, it does seem that, as somebody has suggested, they have a habit of sticking a pin at random in remote parts of the map of the English coastline and saying loftily, " Here," without a thought either for natural beauties, historic associations, or the interests of the inhabitants. This time it seems they are not going to have everything their own way and blast all the rich bird-life of Blakeney Point to blazes without a fight. The National Trust, with strong backing, has its hackles up. Naturalists, fishermen, farmers, boatmen, and lovers of green slopes and jewelled sunsets and ancient peace are showing their teeth, Gaffer Henry Williamson is brandishing his dung-fork and typewriter alternatively, and the increasing stream of pilgrims to Walsingham up the valley would naturally be hostile to this fresh despoiler of sacred ground. There are other suitable places in East Anglia, as Professor F. W. Oliver has pointed out, for the War Office to dump its hangars, barracks, and gun-emplacements. The chances of the opposition seem extremely good.

On the other hand, have you ever seen a troop of senior brass-hats tripping out from Whitehall to their clubs at lunch-time ? Those small, well-groomed narrow heads, the expression of fixed unalterableness in those small greenish eyes—it 's rather terrifying.

Clan

PASSING through London the other day, American steel magnate Ezra G. Smith, founder-president of the Smith Society of U.S.A.—of about 300,000 Smiths over there, 74,000 have already joined—told a daily paper it was a society for mutual admiration and goodwill, also for combating Smith-jokes. Following a bit of research work, the interviewer was able to report next day that there are about three-quarters of a million Smiths in the British Isles (4000 in the London Telephone Directory alone), bringing the Smith grand total to some 1,050,000, with evidence of increase. This needn't alarm anybody to any extent. The Smiths, notwithstanding their primal connection with hammers and spears and furnaces—Chesterton, you remember, traced them back to Thor—are a normal and pacific race, and do not disturb the commonweal much. No Smith has ever shut the gates of mercy on mankind, or waded in slaughter to a throne. Their rare eccentricities are quite mild. Mr. Joseph Smith wrote the Book of Mormon at an angel's dictation, Mr. J. W. Smith drowned three successive brides in baths, Mr. F. E. Smith became Lord Chancellor, Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York wore a brown bowler and ran for President (failing because it was discovered that his first presidential act would be to dig a secret tunnel connecting the White House with the Vatican), another Governor Smith governed Virginia, rather tepidly, and Adam Smith wrote on economics and met his fellow-bear Dr. Johnson only once, their conversation ending, according to the story, crisply, thus :

JOHNSON : Sir, you lie.
SMITH : Sir, you are the son of a whore.

There are no more Smiths of any particular notoriety, so far as we remember. Just nice quiet people they seem to be, and very, very prolific. Trapping or snaring them is forbidden by British law.

South for Sunshine

BITTEREST news-item of the past few weeks, undoubtedly, was the one concerning that huge underground garage free and no-tip, which the Buenos Aires municipality has just constructed under the Avenido Nueve de Julio, in the very centre of the city. Biting our lip, we read how it will ultimately take 1000 cars and eliminate surface parking in the business quarter entirely ; how it will be open from 7 a.m. to 2 a.m., after which hour cars will be parked in municipal " yards " ; how traffic in and out will be so exactly regulated that there can never be a hold-up or a jam ; how the place is perfectly ventilated and includes a snack-bar, waiting-rooms, and rest-rooms, and has loud-speakers to assist the garage staff ; and Heaven knows what else. Go on (we said sourly as we read, laying back our ears), go on. Now tell us that every motorist parking after 8 gets a gold cigarette-lighter and a kiss from a Follies girl, that the staff pelt every fresh arrival with red roses, after which the band plays a rumba, free cocktails are served, and everybody rides round on decorated chariots throwing peaches. Tell us that, Buenos Aires (we said, grinding our teeth), and maybe we 'll believe it as well.

However, it 's true, up to where we got nasty, and there isn't a motorist in London who will not go mauve with envy of the happy business men of Buenos Aires—or, if it comes to that, Hastings, where there 's a very creditable municipal garage under the sea-front, though not, so far as we remember, a free one. Has anybody in Whitehall ever thought of excavating for a garage under every West End square instead of jamming the surface tight with cars ? Probably somebody has, and if you dug down far enough you 'd find the whole scheme worked out in triplicate, signed, countersigned, stamped, docketed, and filed away for ever and ever under documents relating to the distribution of 50,000,000 free printed handkerchiefs commemorating horses who fell in the Peninsular War.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" This is my wife—she 's as strong as a damn horse "

Films of the Day

The Pacific Ocean in Hollywood : By George Campbell

WHAT shall I say about *The Hurricane*? Shall I be too, too cynical and tell you about the mechanics behind the storm? How, "roaring down four steel and timber chutes in carefully spaced charges of 2000 gallons each, the flood waters created a series of tidal waves which kept a 150-ft. square lagoon lashed into a frenzy throughout a thrill- and danger-packed day." How "six twelve-cylinder Liberty motor wind-machines, four of them placed on a platform jutting out beyond the deluge chutes and just out of reach of the tidal waves, added to the storm effect." How "water from twelve fire-hoses was hurled into the air to be caught by the 90-mile-an-hour gale and provide the spray." How "a roller wave machine, operated mechanically, kept the lagoon churning between tidal waves." How "careful analysis from every angle proved it more feasible to bring a section of the South Seas to Hollywood than to transport Hollywood to the South Seas," with the result that the island of Manukura was built on two-and-a-half acres of the Goldwyn studios' "back lot." How——

No, no. Let us leave the keyhole to the fan-writers. The business of the film-producer is to create illusion. What goes on behind the screen is of no more importance than the question whether, in private life, the hero and heroine really love each other. No one in his sane senses supposes that the Pacific obediently provided a cataclysm the instant Sam Goldwyn cried "Action! Camera!" The only thing that counts is whether the hurricane looks real on the screen; and the answer is that it does. Compared with *The Hurricane*, even the storm in *Mutiny on the Bounty* is just a trailer.

INEVITABLY the rest of the picture is dwarfed by the terrific twenty-minute hurricane, but there is much in it to engage one's interest and charm the eye. Jon Hall has a handsome face and a magnificent torso; Dorothy Lamour is uncommonly pretty as a native girl, and Raymond Massey, as the fanatical French governor, Mary Astor, as his wife, C. Aubrey Smith, as the priest saluting death in the church with a tune on the mighty Wurlitzer, Thomas Mitchell, as the drunken doctor, and John Carradine, as the gaoler whose character is cleverly suggested by his trick of savagely pressing down a lighted cigarette butt as he stares malignantly at his prisoner, are all more than adequate. *The Hurricane* is a brilliant bit of hokum that verges on being something better.

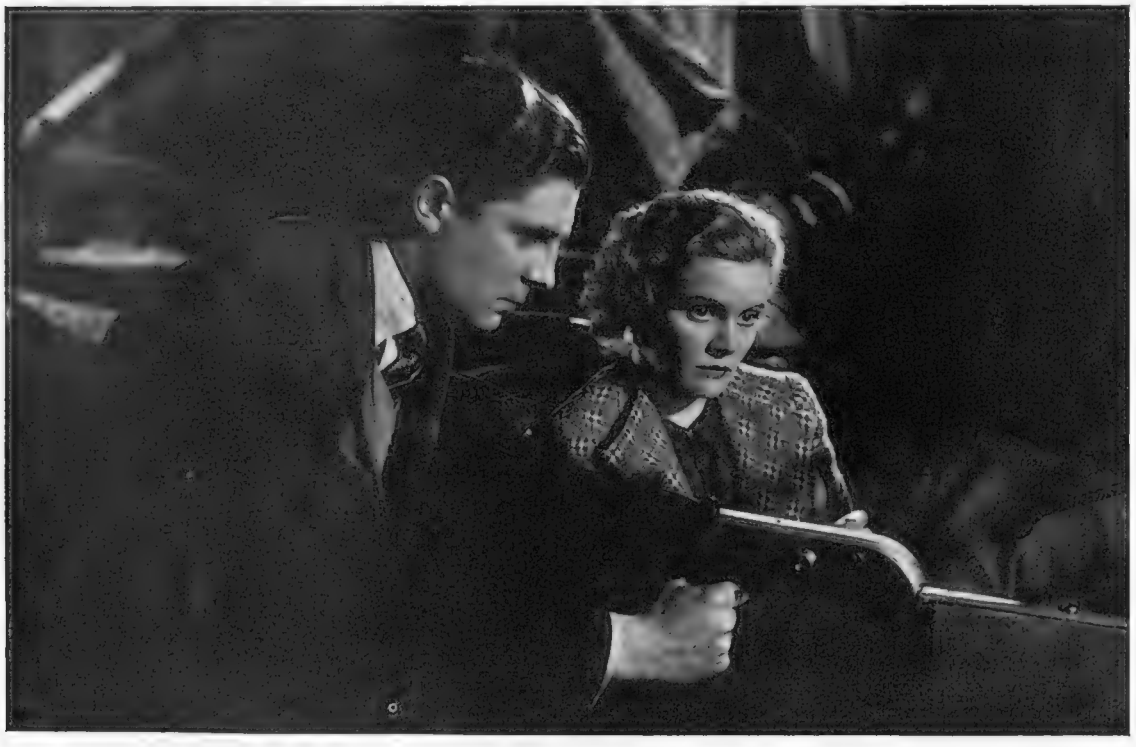
AS an example of what witty writing and polished direction can do with a hackneyed plot, I commend *The Awful Truth*. The story of the about-to-be-divorced couple who find they really love each other has been told a hundred times before; but seldom so entertainingly. The scenes where the heroine is forced to endure her Western he-man's singing of "Home on the Range," and worse, far worse, to dance with him, Oklahoma style, while all the other people on the floor, including her husband, stop and look on with ecstatic mirth, will be remembered by this department gratefully as satirical comedy at its best.

Irene Dunne plays the girl with a nice light touch; Cary Grant has an easy manner and would be a hundred per cent more effective if it weren't for his trick of shouting all his lines; and Ralph Bellamy gives a wickedly funny sketch of the upstanding, straight-shooting, hard-riding Westerner who makes the saddening discovery that a man's best friend is his mother.

JAMES WHALE made his mark as a stage producer. A stage producer he remains. His screen thrillers, successful though they have been, have all been essentially stagey; and now comes *The Great Garrick*, the stagiest of the lot. The fact that Garrick was very short and Brian Aherne is very tall, that the Shakespearean costumes are all wrong and the story unhistorical, doesn't matter in the slightest. What does matter is that *The Great Garrick* is as laboured a jest as ever came out of Hollywood.

WHAT on earth are M.-G.-M. and Warner Brothers trying to do with Wallace Beery and Bette Davis? *The Bad Man of Brimstone* is an oats opera with a father-love theme. *That Certain Woman* is reminiscent of every sob-drama glorifying the Mother Who Gives All for Her Child. The plot of *The Bad Man of Brimstone* is only too obvious; why the characters in *That Certain Woman* live and die as they do is a secret between them and their maker, Edmund Goulding.

THAT I might finish for once on a pleasant note, I have left the best of the new films to the last. *Young and Innocent* is probably the finest thing Alfred Hitchcock has done—certainly the best since *The Thirty-nine Steps*. By eliminating sadism, injecting charm and sticking for once to his story he has succeeded in creating characters that hold your sympathy to the end. Derrick de Marney shows great promise as the man suspected of murder, and Nova Pilbeam is exactly right as the ingénue who defends him. Altogether a thriller of distinction with many delightful touches.



Derrick de Marney and Nova Pilbeam in "Young and Innocent"

Mr. Campbell judges "Young and Innocent" the best of the new films, and Alfred Hitchcock's best since "The Thirty-Nine Steps." Derrick de Marney and Nova Pilbeam, two "hopefuls" of the English screen, are good as the young hero and heroine. The film went to the Gaumont last week

Past and Present

Fredric March in Two Centuries

The peeved-looking man on the bed, below, and the peeved-looking man in the boat, right, are both Fredric March. In one he is a new-style American reporter who has made a false story out of Carole Lombard (Connolly is his editor). In the other he is an old-style American pirate, brave and chivalrous; in fact Lafitte, hero of the Civil War and of Cecil de Mille's newest film about it. The newspaper film is *Nothing Sacred*, at the London Pavilion, the Civil War film is *The Buccaneer*, at the Carlton

Franciska Gaal and Fredric March in "The Buccaneer"

Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly and Fredric March in "Nothing Sacred"

"Horoscope"

The New Ballet at Sadler's Wells

Frederick Ashton, the choregrapher, Constant Lambert, who devised and wrote the music for the ballet, Sophie Fedorovitch, who designed the decor and dresses, have created a beautiful and exciting work of art in *Horoscope*, presented at Sadler's Wells two weeks ago. The Young Man born with the Sun in Leo and the Young Woman born with the Sun in Virgo are held apart by the followers of these opposing signs, but each was born with the Moon in Gemini, and the Twins and the Moon unite them in a happy ending. Grouping, characterisation, melody and rhythm, colouring, lighting, all are brilliantly integrated to express this theme as a ballet, and there are outstanding performances by the five principal dancers. The girl's soft and timid grace is Margot Fonteyn's; the Young Man's dramatic virility is Michael Somes', who here creates his first leading part with great success; the serene, aloof beauty of the Moon is Pamela May's; and as the Twins, Richard Ellis and Alan Carter dance step for step with supple, clear-cut synchronisation of line and timing

Photographs by Anthony

The Young Man (Michael Somes)

The Gemini and the Moon (Alan Carter, Richard Ellis, Pamela May)

Below: an action picture of the Gemini, the Young Man and the Young Woman

The Young Woman (Sun in Virgo) and the Young Man (Sun in Leo): Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes

An Impression from the Wings of the Final Tableau

The Sisters, Irina, Olya and Masha—Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies and Carol Goodner

Olya the eldest, the rather weary schoolmistress, is Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies; Irina the youngest, who longs for love and dreams of going to Moscow, is Peggy Ashcroft; Masha, the unhappy, black-dressed married sister is Carol Goodner. Last time "The Three Sisters" was revived, at the Old Vic in the autumn of 1935, Marie Ney, Nancy Hornsby and Vivienne Bennett played these parts

"The Three Sisters"

Six Characters from Tchehov

Once again John Gielgud has put the theatre public of London deeply in his debt. *The Three Sisters*, the third play of Gielgud's repertory season at the Queen's, is a superb example of team-work by his company of actors, and of production by Michel Saint-Denis. Gielgud himself takes the part of Vershinin; the two other characters on this page are Natasha, the sisters' vulgar, fussy sister-in-law, played by Angela Baddeley, and the plain, good-natured, pathetic young Baron, as whom Michael Redgrave gives the best performance of his career. The dresses and setting are, as in all Gielgud presentations, by Motley. An article by Mr. Farjeon on *The Three Sisters* appears on p. 201 of this issue

Photographs by Anthony

Baron Tusenbach—Michael Redgrave

Right: Vershinin—John Gielgud

The Sister-in-Law, Natasha—Angela Baddeley

The Lauterbrunnen Valley and Mürren from the Wengen-Scheidegg Funicular

This remarkable panorama shows the valley above which Mürren and Wengen are situated. The former can be seen, perched above a precipice, on the left centre of the photograph, and its littleness demonstrates how the mountains can dwarf a big resort into a hamlet. Above it, the funicular to the Alphubel crosses the snow like a black centipede. The peaks on the skyline, left to right, are the Schwarzberg, the Schilthorn and the Allmendhubel. The picture below shows how inconvenient the beloved snow can be when it gets out of hand, and how little it respects the presence of central heating and socialites in Wengen. A minor avalanche has engulfed the châlets and made possible ski-ing on the roof-tops

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

Like a Sheep Dog Out of Hand, the Ski-ers' Snow Poured where it Wasn't Wanted

SNOW HOLIDAY: No. 6. Wengen

A Young Ski-er Indulgently Posed with Wengen's Animated Scene Behind Him

Cannons of Hollywood

The Viscountess Dunwich

Lady Dunwich is by marriage a member of a family which was already prominent in Suffolk when John Rous, M.P. for Dunwich, was made a baronet in 1660. Her father-in-law, the Earl of Stradbroke, is Lord Lieutenant of the county, owns about 10,000 acres; her husband is a J.P. and County Councillor. Lord Dunwich, before settling to married life in the country, was in the Navy; he retired with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. It was while at Christ Church, Oxford, taking a short course in rural economy, that he married. Lady Dunwich was Barbara Grosvenor, and is a sister of the Duke of Westminster's heir, Mr. R. A. Grosvenor. She and her husband and their two young daughters live at Dodnash Priory, near Ipswich, not far from the head of the family's seat at Wangford

"Bystander" Short Story No. 125

The Moment of Truth

By Celia Dale

Illustration by Rudolf Mayer

She pushed through the crowd of men outside the Plaza de Toros, and through the turnstile.

When she was nineteen, just out from England, she had been afraid to come to a bull-fight. When she was twenty she had gone to four or five, perhaps, a year. Now she was twenty-six, she went every Sunday. Seven years is a long time.

But to-day was different. Her body tingled with an excitement born not of the loud-voiced crowd, not of the sunlight and the brightness of gold and blood. All that had dulled long ago, as had her English pity, even thought, for the bull.

To-day Pepé's apprenticeship was over. At the third bull, Cortina, the famous Cortina, would hand Pepé his sword. The two matadors would stand in the centre of the sanded ring, thick-set Cortina and the boy Pepé, and Cortina would take his hand and wish him luck and leave the bull to him.

She pressed a way to her seat, near the toreros' barricade, so that she could be close to Pepé. From a distance the Johnsons and Tommy Brent smiled at her. Clem Falcon and Molly, Mrs. Draycot and Sam Phillips were also among the crowd. They, too, smiled. Sylvia sat down alone.

The second bull was in now—a cautious beast and dull. She hardly watched. Her eyes were on the barricade, although Pepé was not there yet.

Last night she had got out of bed in the darkness and knelt on the stone floor. She had prayed to God with her whole mind, with her whole body. She prayed to Him in Spanish. Then she laid her head on her hands against the bed, while in her heart she clamoured at God's door: "Keep him safe, make him a success, keep him safe, make him a success," over and over again like the rhythm of clockwork; or of Pepé's breathing as he lay asleep on the bed that was her altar . . .

The picador had bungled it. He had struck weakly too far down the spine, and the bull butted the belly of his horse uncaringly. The great arena full of people booed and groaned. "No, hombre, no!" they called derisively. She grew cold with the thought of those groans, those cries for Pepé.

"I shan't fail. I cannot fail," he had said. "I am a great torero."

"Even Cortina has failed sometimes," she said.

"I am greater than Cortina," he answered her arrogantly. "They will be screaming 'Rodriguez! Rodriguez!' to-morrow. You will hear them."

"Yes, I shall hear them," she said.

But now all she could hear was "Keep Pepé safe, keep Pepé safe!" she hardly knew whether it was aloud or not.

"She's as white as a sheet," remarked Mrs. Draycot to Sam. "I really do think it's disgraceful to be so blatant about it."

And Sam agreed it was a damn bad show.

The banderilleros sprang into the ring, planting their darts in the bull's thick shoulders, graceful and swift and gay. But Sylvia watched the barricade, although Pepé was not there yet.

Pepé was eighteen. She had gone to live at his mother's pension four years ago, when he was a youngling with the eyes of an angel and the wits of the devil himself. He was crazy on bull-fighting. He cadged money to go to all he could: he thought and talked and dreamed of nothing else. Sylvia had watched him often from behind the shutters of her room, practising and posturing with an old shawl, his shadow prancing on the dust behind him.

Then she had watched him in the novices' arena. She had listened to his hoarse boy's voice pouring out to her his new-learnt knowledge of feint and thrust and swirl. She had watched him before the long mirror of her room; in the glare of provincial bull-rings.

At twenty-five Sylvia was no longer the gravely-smiling girl, full of wonder and distaste, that she was when she left England. She was bored with her job, bored with the limitations of the Anglo-American colony, bored with the newspapers' echoes of English life. England was so far away. She was bored with this half-life, English drinks and Spanish food, English games under Spanish sun. She was bored by the caution of the young men who didn't want to marry.

And at eighteen Pepé was a man.

The Anglo-American colony drew in its breath. It still smiled at her, for she was of their clan, but its smile was stiff. In the cinemas, in the cabarets, they smiled at her and smiled, if they must, at Pepé, but watched with frozen eyes as she danced hour after hour to the rhythms their Anglo-Saxon bodies could not follow, and which were the rhythms of Pepé's blood.

She came less and less often to the club; and when she came, people were shy of her, and their defensive heartiness made her feel nothing but scorn. She no longer sighed for England, no longer cared for English news. Her own people no longer interested her, nor their ways of life.

"She must be mad," declared Tommy Brent. "Why, the man's not even good family. Her landlady's son, and years younger than she is."

Mary Falcon sighed. "She's not bothering any more," she said. "That's what frightens me." And once, gently, she spoke to Sylvia about it. "We all have Spanish friends," she said, "but we belong, after all, to our own race. Don't cut yourself off completely."

"I'm not," and Sylvia flushed.

"There are so many nice Spaniards. But—there's such a difference between the two minds, Sylvia. Values are different. And this boy particularly——"

"I've got to go now," Sylvia interrupted. Slender and tall, she left the coolness of the club and went into the sun. For the sun's gold was Pepé's gold, its blaze the blaze of Pepé's blood.

Often Pepé went to the cabarets without her, and did not come back all night. She suffered, but did not care. Often he lay on her bed, collarless, unshaven, sucking a toothpick, spitting noisily at the white china vessel by the wall. She saw, but did not care. Often she heard above the hoarse patois of his bragging the kindly calling of her own people. She did not care. She was blind with the blaze of Pepé's sunlight.

For Pepé had the eyes of an angel, brown velvet drenched in dew. His face was the face of an angel, not ivory, pallid and ancient, but golden with the blood running so swiftly beneath his clear skin. His body was the body of an angel, and she saw now with a turn of the heart how he came clothed in gold and spangles into the shadow of the barricade.

He stood there, chatting to the matadors, fidgeting with the pigtail fixed to his sleek head. His shoulders sparkled with gold, and from beneath his short jacket his hips and thighs slid in their skin-tight golden breeches. He did not look up for her, but stood carelessly, watching the killing of the bull and gibeing at the skill of the matador who did it.

The bull was dead, and the horses dragged him out. The sand was raked over his trail. A new bull trotted into the ring, angry, alert: Pepé's bull. Pepé glanced at him over the barricade, appraising and contemptuous. He smoothed his hair, flexed his fine legs, cracked jokes with the attendants. He spat into the sand.

Mechanically Sylvia looked at the bull. He was fiery and beautiful, a great black beast carrying his wicked horns like a crown. For a moment he looked from one matador to the other, selecting which he should charge.

(Concluded on page 224)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Not So Glorious Devon : By Alan Thomas

THREE cheers for Eden Phillpotts—coupled with the name of his latest novel, *Dark Horses* (John Murray ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). For modern taste, perhaps, Mr. Phillpotts will appear old-fashioned, possibly a little leisurely and mannered ; but what a story-teller ! Once embark on an Eden Phillpotts, and you know he 'll never let you down. His present book is about village life in Devonshire—the village of Merton Magna, standing on rising land above the Exe. Here there comes to reside one Mr. Pye, "foreigner" from Birmingham ; a decent sort of fellow he was, a book-lover, a bit of an antiquarian, and as reasonably-minded a man as ever you would wish to meet. Making friends with the village, he engaged Dick Challice to tend his apple-trees (in place of old Mr. Sloggett, who was useless at the job), and Dick's fair daughter, Ethelinda, to be his parlour-maid. It was an admirable arrangement, and everybody would have been delighted—except Mr. Sloggett and, of course, Mr. Phillpotts' readers—had not Mr. Pye's son, Gerald, appeared upon the scene. Of pleasing appearance and gifted with a superficial charm, this young man, when it came to brass tacks, was every kind of bounder. He had the gift of the gab ; and I couldn't help feeling that even Ethelinda, blinded as she was by all his qualities, must have found him a trifle wordy. Yet in all the village there was only one who saw through Master Gerald from the first, and that was old Verity, Dick's mother. And here I pay tribute to Mr. Phillpotts' splendid character-drawing : old Verity and her son Dick Challice are as unforgettable in their way as Churdles Ash. The havoc that Gerald wrought and all the trouble that came of it I leave Mr. Phillpotts to tell you about ; and I do so in the sure and certain knowledge that if you are looking for a good, satisfying and thoroughly enjoyable novel and one that is flavoured with the ancient virtues, *Dark Horses* is the book for you.

IN the course of his story Mr. Phillpotts makes several allusions to the ungentlemanliness of the age in which we live. Apropos of this, and of the situation in general when countries are piling up armaments at breakneck speed and making the world safe for nobody, here are two political books not without some topical interest. The first is *War Can be Averted*, by Eleanor F. Rathbone, M.P. (Gollancz ; 5*s.*). Its thesis is summed up in the somewhat cumbrous subtitle : "The Achievability of Collective Security." Miss Rathbone takes her stand on an all-party Declaration, issued last year, in support of the League of Nations. She submits the present peace-and-war situation to an acute and lively analysis : and thereafter suggests that if her programme for "collective resistance to aggression accompanied by removal of reasonable grievances by peaceful negotiation" is to be carried through, a United Front for Collective Security should be established both nationally and internationally. The slogans would be "Refuse to let Aggression Pay" and "Yield to Justice but Never to Force." While it is possible to pick holes in some of her more detailed suggestions, nevertheless with the main line of her argument it is difficult for a reasonable man to quarrel. Indeed, in some such solution as Miss Rathbone suggests lies, as it seems to me, the world's only hope of avoiding an almighty bust-up. And if that isn't a recommendation for reading her book—and of inwardly digesting it—I don't know what is. A useful note is appended, by Malcolm Thomson of the Parliamentary Research Department of the Council of Action for Peace and Reconstruction, on the Defensive Strength of the League.

CONTRASTING with the practical work-aday attitude of Miss Rathbone, there is Dr. L. P. Jacks' somewhat academic thesis entitled *Co-operation or Coercion ? A Critical and Constructive Survey of the League* (Heinemann ; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is, I fear, more critical than constructive. The League, he holds, should never have been given the job of imposing coercion upon aggressors : coercion isn't the right way apparently of dealing with nations who won't play the game : the thing to do is to get right away from the sanctions idea altogether and go all psychological : offer people nice things to think about—things like all-round disarmament and an international and mutual insurance fund. Then, perhaps, they 'll leave off popping off guns at one another and sinking one another's ships, and get down to "business," converting "unproductive expenditure on armaments (a modest portion of it) into productive capital for the financing of economic co-operation in any form deemed wise to undertake." And if any of them forget themselves so far as to do the dirty on his business partner—well, no coercion, boys, whatever happens. Thus, after deploring the lack of common sense and reason in the world, he offers a scheme which demands for its fulfilment a powerful dose of common sense and reason. From which you may gather that Dr. Jacks is at all events a grand idealist.

FOR amusement touched off with light satire I recommend *Speak Easily* (Arthur Barker ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Clarence Budington Kelland. He, you may remember, is the author of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. The theme of his new story is the Broadway education of a narrow-minded academic. Timoleon Zanders Post, instructor in mediæval history at Potts College, is left a vast sum of money : and so, for the good of his immortal soul, he is dismissed by the President of the College and told to go and take his ultimate post-graduate degree in the University of Life. To give you an idea of what happens to him as well as of the kind of way the characters express themselves, I can't do better than quote Miss Pansy Peets' own words : Miss Peets is Post's landlady, and she is dilating to him on some of the lucky escapes he has had. "You surprise me most to death," she says. "Professor, in a few brief days you 've set a mark for the boys to shoot at. You crawl out from under a cabbage-leaf into the middle of a bevy of second-rate hams who land you in the impresario business to the tune of twenty-five grand [$25,000]. You make passes at the gal of the head man of the local rod-carriers union [i.e., chief gangster] until his heart blazes with love for you. You step into the middle of a swell bandit job and gum the works and get yourself buttered all over with headlines. And so far you 've come out alive. You got luck or something, and I guess it 's something." The story of the professor's progress held me from its absurd beginning to its hilarious end.

A Scientist-Prophet and the Descendant of Another

H. G. Wells was a guest at the Langham Hotel lunch in honour of the 250th anniversary of Swedenborg's birth, and was talking to Miss Elizabeth Swedenborg, a direct descendant of Emmanuel. The Swedish scientist-prophet, "Aristotle of the North" (1688-1772), spent much of his time in England, died here, and inspired an Englishman as his first disciple : there are now 6000 British Swedenborgians

Four Engagements

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Vivien Sylvia Thorne

A Yorkshire engagement is that of Vivien Thorne, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. F. N. Thorne, and Mrs. Akroyd, of Linton Spring, Wetherby, and William Edward Harbord, elder son of Capt. and Mrs. E. R. Harbord, of Kirk Deighton Hall, Wetherby, Yorks.

Tunbridge

Miss Renée Arundell Neave

Renée Neave has announced her engagement to Richard Williams-Bulkeley, of Cefn Coch, Llansadwrn, Anglesey, son of the late Major R. G. W. Williams-Bulkeley, and Mrs. Roland Norman, of Bylsborough, Henfield, Sussex. Miss Neave's parents are Sir Thomas and Lady Neave, of Llysdulas, Anglesey, and Dagnam Park, Essex

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Phoebe Orr-Ewing

Phoebe Orr-Ewing is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Orr-Ewing, of 70, Chester Square, S.W.1. She is engaged to Michael Milne-Watson, the younger son of Sir David and Lady Milne-Watson, of Ashley Chase, Dorset, and 73, Eccleston Square, S.W.1

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Catherine Graham Hutchison

Catherine Graham Hutchison and John Hopwood are being married in the country at the end of April. She is the elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Graham Hutchison, of Balmaghie, Castle Douglas, and he is the only son of Capt. and Mrs. William Schroder, of Attadale, Strathcarron, and the Rookery, Nantusch, Cheshire

Golf Clubs at Home

South Staffordshire

The South Staffordshire Golf Club was formed in 1893, when the Club course was laid out round Penn Common, near Wolverhampton. In 1908 the land at Tettenhall was leased and the present course laid out by the late Harry Vardon. The freehold was purchased in 1914, since when the club-house has been improved and the course extended. Last year further land was acquired, and alterations to a number of holes were made in accordance with plans by James Braid. The club has supplied numerous members of international and district teams

(1) J. L. Swanson (captain). (2) Col. W. J. Beddows (ex-captain). (3) G. F. Beddows, W. A. Nelson (secretary), W. R. S. Speed (committee) and L. I. McCandless. (4) R. M. W. Pritchard (committee). (5) E. Elias (committee), A. C. Knowles, F. H. W. Vaughan, N. F. Bayliss (committee). (6) N. Colledge. (7) R. H. Sievwright (committee). (8) R. J. Pritchard, F. A. Fletcher, E. W. Page, C. M. Rigby. (9) H. V. James. (10) J. B. Beddard, Col. A. T. Champion, Major C. R. Dibben (ex-captain) Clifford Howe

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The "Bystander" Trophy and the Ashridge Dinner

THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy Golf Meeting will be held this year on the course of the Weston-super-Mare G.C. on Saturday, March 19th, and Sunday, March 20th. The conditions of play are similar to last year's. Besides the Trophy there will be the usual prizes for the runner-up and winner of the other eights. There will be the usual bogey competition on Sunday (players can play in this competition either in the morning or afternoon), for those who have been knocked out of the various eights. The representatives of the BYSTANDER, will be at the Grand Atlantic Hotel. Full particulars can be seen on Page iv of this issue. This year there will be a small entrance fee of 5s. to which I feel sure no one will have any objection.

Will competitors when entering, please remember to state what their handicaps are? I mentioned last year how difficult it is to guess a man's or woman's golf handicap from looking at them. You find that a miserable little shrimp of a man plays from scratch, and that a man, who looks as if he could take on Tommy Farr, has difficulty in playing to a handicap of 18.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE may appear to some rather far afield; although it is a long way from London, the train service to it is so good that it can be reached in a little longer time than Felixstowe. The 4.15 train from Paddington arrives at Weston-super-Mare at 7.20 p.m., the 5.5 p.m. train at 7.47 p.m., and the 6.30 p.m. at 9.25 p.m. So however busy a day anyone may have on the Friday, he will still be able to get to Weston-super-Mare in comfort that night. The trains which leave Weston-super-Mare on the Sunday evening at 4.50 p.m. and 7.10 p.m. arrive at Paddington at 8.5 p.m. and 10.15 p.m. A breakfast train leaves Weston at 8.20 a.m. on Monday and arrives at 11.5 a.m.

THE dinner given last month by the Ashridge Golf Club to the Open Champion was a very happy affair, and I thought struck just the right note for a dinner of this sort. Lord Rosebery, the President of the Ashridge Golf Club, proposed Cotton's health, and inadvertently told those present that Cotton was the Hobbs of golf. There are many golfers who are also good cricketers, but I do not think Cotton can be numbered amongst them.

Cotton in reply told us how he had benefited by being at Ashridge, and Lord Chesham, when proposing the Guests, told us how Ashridge had benefited by having Cotton as the Club professional; he pointed out that there were possibly some people who have never heard of Ashridge, but there is no one who has not heard of Cotton.

ON the back of the menu were recorded four of Cotton's rounds of 1937. They were his last round of 71 in the wet and slush at Carnoustie, which won him the Open by the narrow margin of 2 strokes. This was an extremely interesting round because he kept on getting down in a chip and a putt to get the right figures, shots on which, as a rule, he does not shine so brightly as on the longer strokes.

Next came his approximate round of 69 in his match with Densmore Shute, just after the Open, when he might so easily have not been at his best owing to reaction after winning at Carnoustie.

Then came his card in the first round of the German Open Championship at Bad Ems; which read—3, 5, 3, 5, 2, 4, 4, 3, 3, equals 32, and 4, 4, 2, 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, equals 31, and a total of 63. You can see from these figures that if he had not fallen down at the second and fourth holes, he would have had a really good score.

The other score recorded was his 68 at Marienbad, when he won the Czechoslovakia Open Championship.

The Essex P.G.U. Mixed Foursomes at Chingford

Mrs. Chadwick and S. E. Welch were playing round their home course at West Essex, Chingford, when they won the twenty-seven-holes foursomes with a return of 114¾

C. S. Denny and Mrs. Froome, who won the Essex P.G.U. December mixed foursomes competition at Bowers Gifford, came third in this month's with 117

Cambridge Lost to Sunningdale in a High Wind

Having risen in the dark and breakfasted on the Cambridge-London route, the undergraduate team managed to lead Sunningdale in the foursomes, but only won two of the afternoon's eleven single matches. T. S. Winton (Downing) and G. G. D. Carter (Trinity) met D. H. Kyle and ex-Oxford captain, K. H. S. Morrice in the top foursome and won; Carter later beat Kyle in their single

W. H. Halstead

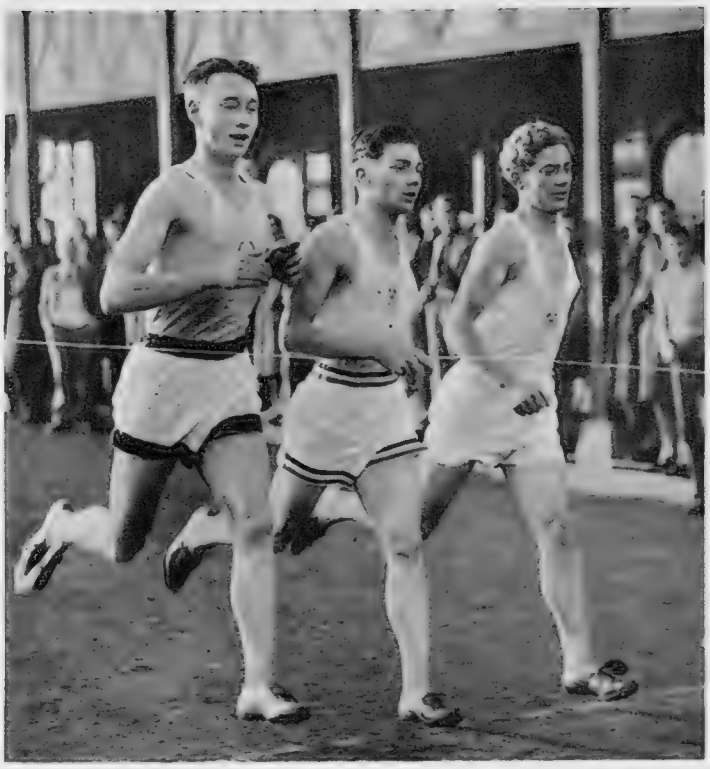
Was the only other singles victor at Sunningdale: he beat T. E. Cunningham by 5 and 3. He is an Emmanuel man and won the Cambridge trial at Mildenhall

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy (6th Year)

Weston-Super-Mare
March 19th and 20th

Conditions and entry form on page iv.

IN reply to the toast of the Guests, B. Darwin assisted the Walker Cup Selectors by mentioning by name many of the distinguished amateur golfers present. Lord Rosebery, when he replied to the toast of the President of the Ashridge Golf Club, said that he noticed how the amateurs, whom Darwin had mentioned, had swelled with pride when they heard their names, and how those who were not mentioned looked like deflated balloons. The latter statement was not strictly true; one amateur, Lord Castlerosse, who was just in front of the speaker, had only the slightest resemblance to a deflated balloon.



A Triple Dead-Heat at Oxford

Three St. Peter's Hall long-distance runners broke the tape together after a couple of miles round the Iffley Road track: an event in the Oxford University Athletic Club inter-college sports. Pembroke, St. Peter's Hall's opponents, did not complete the course

Godfrey Brown Ahead Alone

The international runner was too much for other college athletes in the Peterhouse-Downing half-mile at Cambridge, but despite his efforts Downing's black and purple carried the day by 60 — 49

Cambridge Captain

Gethyn Hewan, Marlborough and Clare, captains the Cambridge XI. which meets Oxford at Beckenham on Friday

Howard Marshall on Sport

So Tommy Farr tried to dig in his heels—refused to fight Max Baer—wanted to fight Max Schmeling. The question is whether Schmeling wanted to fight Farr, which I rather doubt. I seem to remember that Farr side-stepped Schmeling rather cavalierly about a year ago. They remember that in Germany, too.

Farr will have to realise that his stock has slumped a bit. The film of his fight with Braddock suggests that perhaps the decision was at least open to dispute, but the fact remains that it did go against Farr.

The whole heavy-weight situation is in a pretty tangle, as a matter of fact. Ben Foord's effort against Schmeling in Hamburg has complicated it even more. I saw that fight, and very queer it was. Foord was immensely plucky, and he boxed well, but that does not explain why he was still on his feet at the end of twelve rounds.

When Schmeling really tries, as he did in the sixth round against Foord, he looks a class better than any other heavy-weight—astonishingly fast and accurate and deadly. In that mood he is a world champion, and it may be that he is reserving his final ferocities for his title fight with Joe Louis.

There is this odd fact to be noted, however—for all his punching power, Schmeling does not knock his opponents out. Many of his fights have been stopped because he handed out such punishment, but of his first-class opponents, Joe Louis, ironically enough, is the only one he has put upon the canvas for keeps. This is worth pondering, and I do not think it has been noted before.

Foord, at any rate, reappears in the arena rather dramatically, and we shall probably see him in London before long. Unfortunately, he does seem to have lost his punch, though if he can find it again and keep as fit as he was at Hamburg, he will be very much in the reckoning.

I am glad Major B. C. Hartley has been chosen as honorary manager of the British Rugby team which is to visit South Africa next summer. He will do a difficult job admirably, and I only hope he has a worthy team to manage. I was talking the other day to Paul Roos, who captained the famous 1905-6 Springboks. Paul Roos still looks as if he could make a meal off a couple of modern forwards at any time, and he watched the final England trial match.

He did not think much of that, and then he remarked—gloating a little, I thought—that the present South African forwards average considerably over fifteen stone each. What did really please him, though, was the reflection that South Africa had showed in New Zealand that it is possible to win matches, as he put it, by playing "clean and orthodox Rugby football." I dare say they will prove it again at the expense of the British team next summer. We don't mind that, provided we are satisfied that the British team is the strongest combination of players we can possibly send.

As for England's match against Ireland next Saturday, I make no prognostications. They are delighted in Coventry and district that Giles has been preferred to Gadney at scrum-half, but the forwards, as always, are more important than the backs, as the Irishmen will doubtless remind us.

Now to lawn tennis, and the fact that Australia have decided to compete in the Davis Cup next year. This means that we shall not see the brilliant young J. Bromwich at Wimbledon, for the team selected will be playing in the American zone, and in order to save expense, the trip to England is being cut out.

We shall miss Bromwich, whose recent performances in Australia have been so impressive. He and Quist might well have started favourites in the doubles, for in the Australian Championships they beat the Wimbledon champions, Budge and Mako, in the semi-final and then went on to defeat Von Cramm and Henkel in the final.

Australian interest in lawn tennis is very lively just now. The tour of the German and American players made a profit of some £8000, and it was this which decided the

Cresta-Rider and Ski-er

W. M. L. Fiske won the Beatrice Cartwright Cup on the Cresta Run with runs averaging 57 seconds. He is talking to an ex-women's ski-champion as she polishes the lens of her camera — Gerda Paumgarten is her name

Oxford Captain

J. B. Stocks is Gethyn Hewan's opposite for the Beckenham hockey field on Friday. He was at school at St. Lawrence's, Ramsgate, and is now at St. John's College

University College Hospital Beat St. George's Hospital by Eight Points to Five

The 1938 season of Rugby for the Hospitals' Cup was opened at Richmond by University College and St. George's, when the former beat the latter by a goal and a try to a goal. The game was played in the gale that hampered all sport that week-end: here the U.C.H. captain, I. B. Rees-Roberts, is bringing down the opponent wing, H. F. Anderson

authorities to have another crack at the Davis Cup. The Americans, I fancy, will have to watch their step.

Again the rumours come through about Donald Budge and professionalism. I think it is now only a matter of the best offer. Budge himself has said that he must make a living somehow, and he is capable of making a pretty fat one in the paid ranks. It is very unlikely that we shall see him at Wimbledon again, which is a pity.

IN the meanwhile, Boat Race preparations proceed apace, with Oxford in high fettle after their triumph last year. At Cambridge they seem to be experiencing doubt and difficulty, which is possibly due to the two-crew system. With two crews in training, it is difficult for the coaches to decide on the best combination for Boat Race purposes. The chopping and changing which must inevitably take place hardly tends to bring out the best in an oarsman.

The Cambridge President has tried various blends, but the final composition of the crew is still problematical. This does not mean that Cambridge are short of material. They have the men, and they are exceptionally keen. The Oxford method of getting an eight together as soon as possible seems more practical, and liable to produce better results. We shall know whether this is so on the great day, but from now on interest in the race grows progressively more acute.

IT is good to hear, by the way, that the Australian and New Zealand crews at Melbourne agreed to allow Turner to come into the English crew, although his entry was made after January 22nd, and he was therefore ineligible. This is the kind of thing which persuades us that events like the Empire Games are fundamentally worth while. There are times when we doubt it, but on the whole Melbourne should be a fruitful experiment in Empire good-will.

Miss Margot Lumb: Defending a Title

Margot Lumb was defending her title for the fourth time at Queen's Club when the British Women's Squash Championship started last week: no player had yet held the championship for four years running. Miss Lumb took up tennis not many years ago and proved that a squash player can succeed on the lawn by getting into our Wightman Cup team. Right is Betty Knox, Scottish champion; her other sport is lacrosse—she plays for Forfarshire

Miss Betty Knox

Young-Marrieds at the Milk Bar

Mr. and Mrs. "Taffy" Howard Stepney sat outside the Mürren "milk bar" for their morning glass. They were married in 1936; she was Ursula Horlick before that, and is Mrs. Kenneth Wagg's younger sister

An Obstacle Race to Make It More Difficult

At Mürren ski-ers are so hardy and so blasé that they just have to make things more difficult for themselves. So they organised an obstacle race; this snow wall under the railway arch was one of the more orthodox trials, compared with eating a treacle bun, picking a cigarette out of a plate of flour with the mouth, and running the last twenty-five yards in a sack, carrying skis and sticks

Ski Notes from Mürren

Miss Eileen Smith

Is the attractive Glasgow heiress who is engaged to Mr. Archie Holme, and is being married in September. Her home is Crostie Tower, Troon

Miss Gillian Mitford

Is a gay young brunette who comes pretty high up on Mürren's beauty list. Her check shirt, waistcoat and webbing belt are a model of neatness and comfort

Miss Diana Knox

Wears another good type of shirt—and plum-coloured plus-fours. She also comes from Ayrshire (her parents' place is Ryefield), and is also one of Mürren's outstanding attractions

This England . . .

The Stour, near Dedham Mill—Essex

THERE is a peace about the flat lands of England that steals upon you unawares. Though you may be a lover of downland and sea, yet will this England charm you in its turn. No sudden views are here, no tumbling waters in the folded hills, but great wide skies whose pearly dawns and flaming sunsets, unhidden, last the longer. Slow are the streams, yet deep and strong—the very name of Stour implies a firm or powerful stream. This outward gentleness oft belies an inward strength in English things (and Englishmen). Even your Worthington conforms in this, for gentle upon the palate though it is, yet is the rich strength of the earth within it—tamed only by unhurried making and a slow maturity.

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A Survey of World Air Routes

By Charles Ward

Flying for Peace

MAJOR C. J. GALPIN, who is the Director of Overseas Aviation in the civil department of the Air Ministry, when lecturing at the Royal Society of Arts, gave quite the most inspiring survey of world air routes that has been made for many a year. His analysis of the part that could be played by civil aviation, contributing to the peace and order in this world, was no idle vision. Distinguished speakers who took part in the debate which followed, included Mr. Nigel Norman, who drew attention to the possibilities of the large landplane when aerodromes have been constructed to take its weight. At present, the limiting size is about 25 tons, but there is no reason why the flying boat should forge ahead alone to 100 tons or more, if hard runways of concrete or some other material to give a firm surface, are constructed. Major Galpin's view that express services would be organised, flying at 300 miles an hour for 2000 miles non-stop, was challenged by Group Captain Primrose, who has recently returned from a West African survey. He thought that 200 miles an hour would be found the most economical cruising speed for a long time to come. All speakers were in agreement with the lecturer that British personnel and equipment should take the lead in the future of world transport, which must tend more and more to be in the air, but research must go forward and a much greater sum of money and energy must be expended. And on the subject of air armaments, which is in everyone's mind at the present day, the lecture was ended on the following note—" It is a great thing to defend Peace, but better still to enrich her as well. I believe that we have between us the skill and the power and the resources and the genius to do both, if we will "—to enrich her refers, of course, to the civilising power of flying as opposed to its use for destructive purposes. Mr. Eden's proposal, made in the House of Commons last week, that aerial bombing should be limited, is timely.

Record Flights

WHILST the opinion is widely expressed that the day of the individual record holder has passed, that the pioneering period in the air is over, there are nevertheless, still some things to achieve that will bring fame and perhaps fortune to pilots. Flying Officer Clouston may have started on his flight to New Zealand and back by the time these notes are read—the attempt is a sequel to his record flight to the Cape and back last year. Twenty-eight thousand miles in seven days is hard going, even for the veteran " Comet " as used by Scott and Black to win the race from Mildenhall to Melbourne. Stops are scheduled at Aleppo, Karachi, Allahabad, Singapore, Darwin, Sydney, and Auckland. Victor Ricketts is travelling as a companion-secretary, complete with typewriter on dashboard to record the story of the flight. Although none of the excitement of a race is present on a journey of this kind, there must remain a great thrill for those taking part, in the remembrance of others who have gone before, but at much slower speed. By contrast, the Royal Air Force plan to capture the world's non-stop record over the same route is prosaic. Not that it entails less effort or responsibility on the part of the pilots—but money is not spared to secure the finest equipment and no chances are taken that can be avoided. The Wellesley bombers under the direction of Wing Commander Gayford, who flew non-stop to South-West Africa for the R.A.F., are expected to capture the record. In fact, three of them may capture it, flying in formation, a feat which would impress the world much more than a journey by a single aircraft.

Higher Up the Mountains

OUR camera-man's view of the cloudscape was taken en route to Switzerland, and it 's good news for the winter-sporting people who want to get there quickly, that an aerodrome has been opened near St. Moritz. Many 'planes have landed on the frozen lake at this winter resort, but no regular service has been operated. The new aerodrome at Samaden is 5500 feet above sea-level, and will be used by military aircraft as well as the transports of Swissair. From Zurich, the flight takes three-quarters of an hour, compared with five hours by train. Thinking of snow, what are the chances that the Russian Polar explorers, now drifting past Greenland's icy mountains, will be rescued before their floe is crushed in the pack or melted away? Their observations on the journey from the North Pole, will be of immense benefit to Arctic flying, and it is hoped that the Soviet ice-breakers will reach the men in time. This journey on a drifting floe must be one of the strangest voyages ever made, and it would be sad indeed if the courage of the explorers and the results of their ordeal were wasted.

" Taxi, Sir." A close-up of Captain T. W. Morton, chief taxi pilot to the Olley Air Service, who returned recently from a 30,000-mile flight. With his two fares, he flew through Europe and a large part of Africa

In the Hour

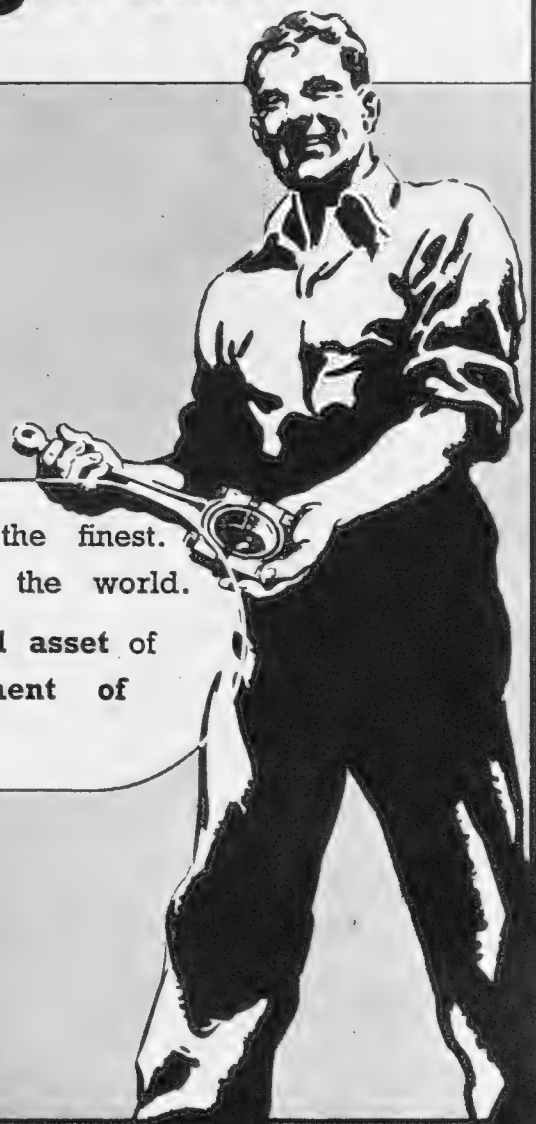
BRITISH Airways and Air France, which operate the fastest aircraft to Paris, have made several trips that have set up new record times during recent gales. The times are one way only, and whilst great fun for those on the fast lap, it isn't so good for passengers coming the other way. Some years ago, a company proposed to fly a Paris service, " in the hour on the hour," and undoubtedly this project will be revived when aircraft are still more speedy than they are to-day. Many people prefer a slower journey, with plenty of time for lunch or dinner, but there is a demand for fast moving, which accounts in part for the order by Imperial Airways for several of the de Havilland " Albatross." I wrote some weeks ago about the congestion in the hangars at Croydon, and further enquiries have revealed no plan that is to take care of the many new liners which will be in use by the end of the year. British Airways is moving to Heston, so that Gatwick will have hangar space to let and it might be expected that some operator would move South in order to have an aerodrome to himself. Connection with London by train is good at times, but these may not coincide with the arrival by air, and there is nothing so maddening as a long wait for ground transport after a fast flight.

Norman Parkinson

Through a " Swissair " window, high up above the clouds—The " Douglas " liners used on the daily service from Croydon now land at Samaden, bringing St. Moritz within five hours of London

British Cars are Best —

in the long run



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BUY A BRITISH CAR
THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

The Moment of Truth *(Continued from page 213)*

Then ominously his black head went down, he pawed the sand once, twice, then came like a thunderclap at the flickering capes.

She caught her breath and looked again at Pepé.

"Just look at her now!" breathed Mrs. Draycot.

Molly Falcon looked, and her blue eyes were sad. "It 's not the same Sylvia," was all she said.

To the roll of drums came the picador on his blindfolded horse. The bull, flicking his tail, saw him and lowered his head. From deep in his black throat came a low bellow, and he charged, angry and savage, knocking the horse against the fence, trying to pierce the padding to the living flesh he could smell so near. The picador leaned over on his lance, bedded deep between the bull's shoulders, and pressed him off. Again the bull charged, to be again impaled, as again he impaled the horse upon his horns. Down his shoulders two broad bands of glistening red matted in his hair. He drew off, a little puzzled, but charged once more in unquenchable fury.

The crowd shouted approval, and to the roll of drums again the picador left the ring. The bull stood still, waiting.

And strangely, pulling her eyes from Pepé, Sylvia found herself now considering the bull as something other than a mere target for grace and skill. She had seen hundreds of bulls die in her time, at first with horror, then with indifference; since Pepé fought them, with enjoyment, a crude blood-lust which Pepé's sunlight had drawn from her.

But this was Pepé's first real bull. By it he would succeed or fail. She saw the animal for the first time as an individual whose strength was pitted against Pepé's skill, a brain striving against Pepé's brain. She saw how canny he was, how he swerved, how his mind worked behind his little wary eyes.

Yet she could not hate him, but looked at him almost kindly, as if it were her battle he was to fight. Her mind was detached and frozen. She could no longer pray, but just sat watching the planting of the banderillas in his back, hearing them click against one another as he tossed his head and charged again at the gay-clothed, nimble banderilleros. One of them was not quite quick enough. The green of his breeches was ripped, and he bled a little. Laughing, he ran to the barricade; it was only a graze. But the bull was pleased, oblivious of the darts hanging in his flesh.

The drums rolled once more. She saw Pepé and Cortina in the ring. Cortina was in white. He clapped Pepé on the shoulder, and Pepé smiled, and took the sword from him. It caught the sun on its blade, and blinded her. Then, as the crowd applauded, Cortina turned and walked from the ring, and Pepé turned to the bull.

He flicked the scarlet cloth over his sword, and walked slowly, delicately, across the sand and sunlight towards the bull. It stood still, watching, working out in its mind the cool approach of this new enemy.

A few feet from the bull Pepé halted. He looked at the beast, and he smiled. Heels together, body straight as a pillar, he shook the cloth insolently. The bull charged. Swiftly, yet calmly, Pepé side-stepped, twirling the cloth about him, and again, and yet again, so that the bull stumbled and paused, giddy from this will-o'-the-wisp scarlet.

A sign from Pepé, and another matador stepped out, attracting the bull's attention. Again he charged, to be distracted by another crimson cloak, and yet another, led from matador to matador until he halted once more, bewildered.

Pepé stepped out again. He still smiled, and as he came he called softly to the bull, insulting it. It heard, and lowered its head, its bewilderment dropped from it, and it charged the thing it hated.

For a moment the crowd was silent, open-mouthed, watching the exquisite play of man and beast, wrapped in the flurry of scarlet. Round and round again, twirling and dipping about his glittering body, the cloak and the black bull flashed, till it stumbled again to its knees, releasing by its fall the roar of the spectators.

Pepé grinned, and turning his back on the bull, walked nonchalantly away.

Again the other matadors came out. But now the bull would not charge. The banderillas sagged in his flesh, and the bands upon his sides still glistened. A thread of saliva floated from his muzzle, and he panted, his great, black body racked. His whole bearing had altered; he was tired and bewildered and lonely in a maze of teasing scarlet, shot with the glitter of Pepé's inescapable gold.

The crowd was muttering like a great drum, hungry and excited; for now the climax was near—the killing, the "moment of truth," when for an instant the anguish and nobility of inevitable death purifies those who watch it.

Pepé came out again, the sword naked in his hand. At the sight of him the bull stiffened, backing a little. Again from its throat came the dull bellow, and desperately it charged, but blindly, without purpose. For a moment Pepé played with it, weaving beast and scarlet about him with precision and beauty. Then, under the very hoofs of the bull, he dropped on to one knee, and wove it about him still, horns an inch from his spangled breast, breath on his smiling face, wrapped in the flashing scarlet.

When the cloak dropped Pepé and the bull were facing one another, only a foot apart, the boy still kneeling in the sand. As the crowd roared its pleasure, man and beast looked into one another's eyes. And then Pepé laughed aloud into the dazed animal's face.

The matadors heard it. The attendants behind the barricade heard it. The crowd heard it. And at its sound suddenly Sylvia's mind came back to life. She looked with a kind of horror at the exhausted beast, its strength, its beauty, its pride destroyed by the laughing, glittering youth kneeling before it. She heard with a horror she had never before experienced the low roar of the crowd: "Now—now!", as Pepé rose to his feet and shifted the sword in his hand. She saw his angel's face with its smile and its braggart's eyes, cold, triumphant, cruel. She saw the tired beast afraid and bleeding; it backed slowly, and with horror she saw bewilderment and subjection and pain as if they were old friends to her.

Involuntarily she cried "No!" As the bull backed, as the boy walked after it, she cried "No—no!" again, and yet again, whether aloud or in her heart she did not know, as with her other prayer she had not known. And as "No, no, no!" beat in her brain, so "Now, now, now!" beat in her ears as, heels together, Pepé raised his left arm with its scarlet pall, raised his right arm with its gleaming sword, took careful aim at the dazed, helpless beast before him, and lunged.

A scream went up from the crowd. The bull made no move, but stood as it had done before, just looking at the man. And Pepé stared contemptuously back. Between the sagging banderillas, the hilt only of Pepé's sword stood out from the black hide.

Like a swarm of butterflies the matadors returned, flashing their cloaks about the two to bemuse the bull even in dying.

But the bull turned slowly from its slayer. Its head drooped. Ignoring the crimson, ignoring the men, ignoring the roar of the crowd, it walked blindly towards the gate from which, twenty minutes ago, it had dashed so strong and full of pride. The banderillas clicked against one another, the sword-hilt did not stir. All the teasing in the world could not shake its desire for peace and compassion.

At the gate it sank on to its knees, and lay patiently. The matadors gathered round, dropping their cloaks, as if stilled by the resignation and dignity of death. Then Pepé stepped up, pushing them imperiously aside. He looked down at the waiting beast, and his eyes were pitiless and mean. He put his slippered foot upon its side, his hand upon the hilt, and wrenched out the sword. Then he laughed again, and killed the bull through the head. It reared, rolled over, and presently was still.

The crowd went mad. It rose to its feet, it danced and stamped and yelled. It screamed "Rodriguez! Rodriguez!" The matadors clustered about Pepé, laughing and embracing him. Cortina ran out over the sand and hugged him.

Pepé's face was livid. His slender body quivered, his eyes blazed. Suddenly he broke free from the clustering men and began to run round the arena, waving and shouting with the crowd.

Again and again came the applause; again and again he darted over the blood-stained sand, drunk with triumph. The dead bull lay by the gate, and as he came to it he turned aside and leapt over its body. The crowd screamed again, and the sun on his glittering suit turned him into a devouring strip of flame. The arena flickered with waving handkerchiefs. There had never been anything like it before, and even Mrs. Draycot, the Falcons, and Sam Phillips were excited. Impulsively, they turned to look for Sylvia.

But Sylvia had gone.

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

This is to be once again a season for suits, severe in line but gay in spirit, with unexpected touches of colour and shaded effects achieved by introducing panels in a darker tone of the same material. This can prove very effective carried out in two shades of grey, the sleeves, yoke and back of the jacket dark, the rest, including the skirt, light. A delightful study in pale silver-grey angora is seen above from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. The simple frock, enlivened by a green suède belt, has elbow sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulders, while the hip-length waisted jacket is generously trimmed with grey Indian lamb. Another angora suit for country wear and race meetings is boldly checked in shades of petrol blue and russet. It is strictly tailored with a link-button coat, and only costs ninety-eight and sixpence

This Season's Headlines

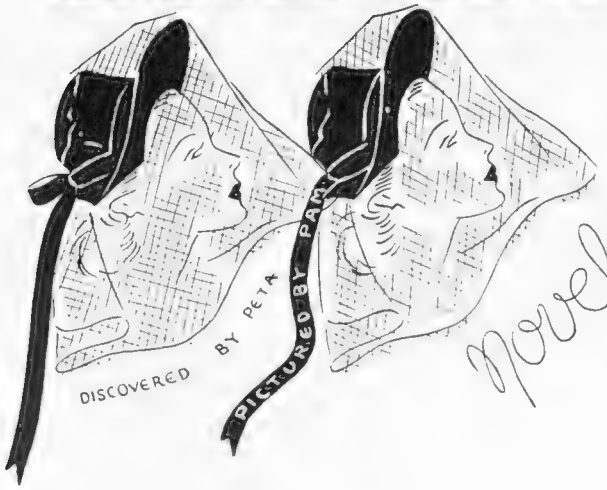
It is difficult to prophesy the future of any hat at this stage since every designer seems intent on producing something perfectly fantastic, but, even in a medley of colours and shapes, certain lines stand out as likely to last. The flat boater with practically no crown is subject to constant variation. It can be black and shiny with an emerald-green shamrock poised on the front of the crown, or brilliant yellow with a garland of mixed field flowers forming a bandeau round the back of the head

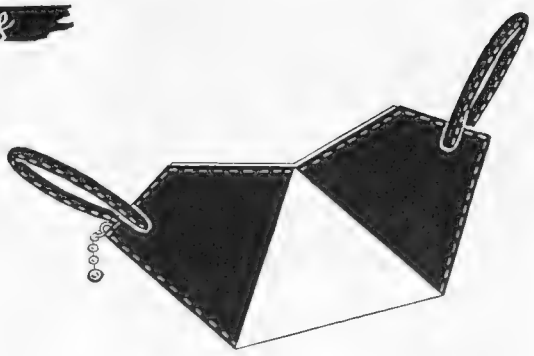
If you want to look really distinguished, you will wear this Watteau creation from Gorringe's. It is made in black taffeta with a border of ruching, and a long embroidered veil which floats over the shoulders. In past seasons the tendency has been to draw every hat over one eye, but now, as this model shows, they are worn straight with a slight forward tilt

Dover Street Studios

It is impossible not to feel light-hearted as well as light-headed in the new Spring hats, as each one is more captivating than the other. Above we have an exaggerated version of the Breton sailor in baku straw with a gold bird poised in flight, and on the left a Nellie Wallace boater, ridiculous and yet becoming. It is made in coarse straw trimmed with a mixed posy of flowers, and ties under the chin with gold cord, while an embroidered veil softens the brim on one side. Both these hats come from Gorringe in the Buckingham Palace Road, who are showing an interesting collection of advance models. Many of these are in black or dark blue, trimmed with brilliant touches of colour. Vivid straws are shown for sunny days and will increase in popularity as the season draws on

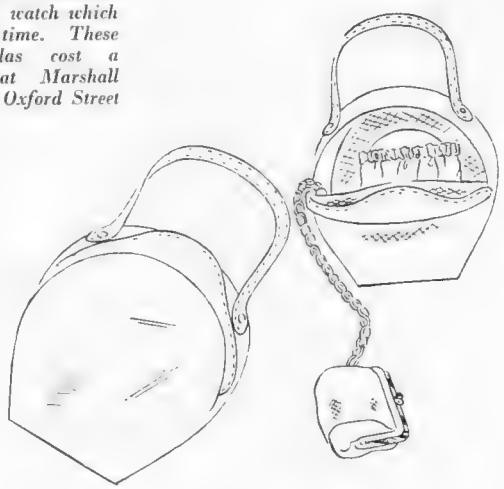
The Bystander Twins in search of Novelties



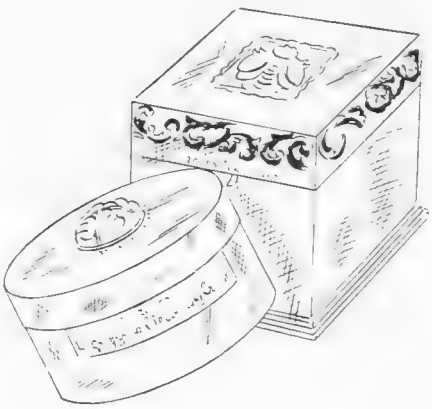


Here is a bag which you can swing in a carefree manner without any fear of dropping the contents. It is available in black patent leather with suède, or in two shades of calf, and costs a guinea at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

Amusing mascots impart a cheerful note to some of the newest umbrellas. A large woolly dog's head is seen on the left; also a watch which keeps excellent time. These smart umbrellas cost a guinea each at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street



A smaller edition of the regulation round hat-box with a soft cover is seen above in the shape of a handbag. It is made in coloured calf, suède, or white peccary, and only costs a guinea at Debenham and Freebody's



Preserve and enhance the beauty of your complexion with Yardley's (33, Old Bond Street) preparations and be sure to buy them in large quantities. An outsize jar of Liquefying Cleansing Cream for 7s. 6d., is sketched above, together with an equally large box of English Complexion Powder

Fill the flowing bowl with this revolving wine-pourer from Marshall and Snelgrove. It can be adjusted to any angle, and costs seventy-five shillings in the Hostess Shop for china and glass on the lower ground floor

This gilt and enamel vanity case with space for rouge and loose powder is Yardley's latest contribution to beauty. It costs 12s. 6d., and should be used in conjunction with "Bond Street," Yardley's exquisite and elusive perfume

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

It now looks reasonably certain that the Royal Automobile Club's Tourist Trophy Race will, after all, be run over the Antrim Circuit.

The Antrim authorities have expressed their willingness to close the roads for the race and for practice; the R.A.C. have approved the proposed circuit, subject to the widening of a short stretch. The cost of the work involved in this widening is estimated at £12,000, and provided the Northern Ireland Government (who are known to be very keen to have the race restored to Ulster) will grant this sum for the purpose, all will be well. So we may look to the future of this classic British race with some optimism.

And talking of looking to the future, it is always fascinating to speculate upon what degree of resemblance, if any, the car of the future will bear to the present-day automobile. So many possibilities may now be envisaged which would have been unthinkable even in the days immediately succeeding the war that we may well expect the car of but fifty years hence to be a vehicle totally unrecognisable by contemporary standards.

To begin with, I believe that the internal-combustion engine as power-unit has a very limited future. Fifty years hence there will, I believe, be giant electrical power transmitters situated at favourable points emitting a huge output which will serve not only for all industrial and domestic lighting, heating, and power purposes, but also for refrigeration. Picking up this power for the purposes of driving a car will be as simple as tuning-in a one-knob wireless receiver. Correspondingly, the amount of space which this type of car-impelling mechanism will monopolise will be no greater than that of the present-day portable wireless set. This will mean that private cars will probably grow smaller as time marches on, while the further study of plastics will enable the moulding of two-piece transparent bodies giving all-round visibility unimpaired by any solid pillars or panels.

When the mechanism of the car's power-unit becomes simplified on the lines I suggest, it will also become both cheap and easy to incorporate a transmission system yielding drive direct to all wheels with fully independent suspension.

The subject of aerodynamics, or air-flow, will be greatly simplified by the use of very light-weight mechanical parts not only for the power-receivers mounted integrally with each wheel, but throughout the whole of the car, for the disposition of the passengers and their luggage will alone govern weight-distribution, so that the car of 1988 will attain a much more accurate streamline shape. This, in turn, leads us to suppose that in the underground car-parks of that time the vehicles will be parked side by side, every car pointing in the opposite direction to that one which stands next to it, in order to effect space-economy.

Steering the car of fifty years hence will probably be effected by means of a simple control changing the direction from which the power is picked up, switching from one transmitter to another in the desired direction of travel, while wheel-brakes will have disappeared completely, retardation being effected simply by reversing the sensitive receivers mounted on swivels.

It will be appreciated that less exacting conditions as to weight-distribution will enable manufacturers of cars for our grandchildren to cater very much more effectively for the comfort of those who ride in them. Better suspension and draughtless ventilation will be greatly facilitated by the adoption of new metals and plastics, while safety will be enhanced coincidentally.

Be all this as it may, I have lately driven a car of 1938 which gives a degree of road-holding and forward visibility the like of which I have never known before. Allied with this is perfect braking and absolute elimination of driving fatigue. I refer to the new Daimler "Fifteen."

From my own experience of this car I can vouch for the ease with which it may be driven for ten hours straight off the reel without the slightest feeling of tiredness on the part of the driver at the end of the run. Steering is of almost liquid lightness yet so positive that the car may be placed to within an inch at all speeds up to 72 m.p.h., the greatest speed I attained with it.

Narrow screen and door-pillars give a degree of front and side visibility which contribute greatly to safety.

The independent front suspension of André-Girling type is a vast improvement on anything I have previously experienced. Quite acute corners can be taken at 50 to 60 m.p.h. in perfect safety without any tendency to a lateral digression, while on the straight it positively irons out uneven roads, the blending of this type of front suspension with half-elliptic springs on the rear proving ideal.

Simplicity of control is achieved by the incorporation of the Daimler fluid fly-wheel and preselective gear-box, while ample head-room, wide-opening doors and rattleless coachwork, in addition to adjustable front seats, telescopic steering-wheel, trigger-type hand-brake and really sumptuous upholstery render this car memorably comfortable and convenient to drive.

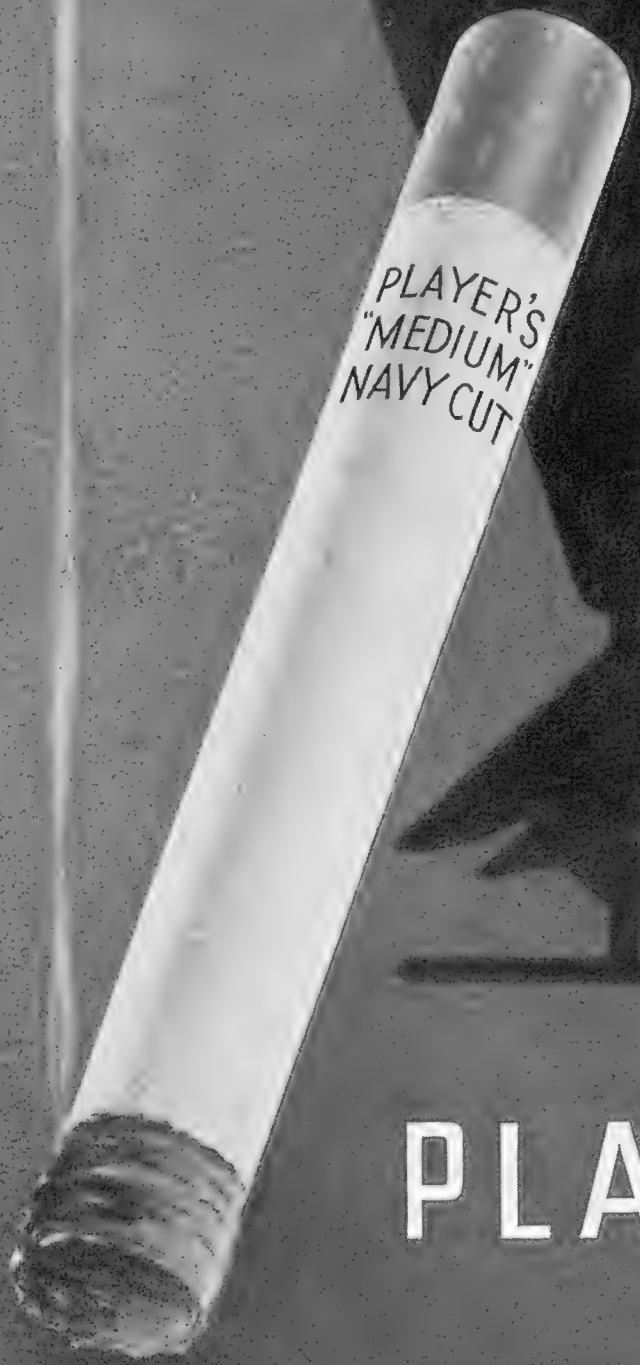
TIMES CHANGE

SO DOES SHELL

The threatening spectre of Mrs. Grundy and the cool efficiency of the policewoman are each typical of their period. The working of the modern motor car is just as efficient and effortless. This is not due to any sudden discovery, but to many years of gradual improvement in motor engines, and to the continual changes made by Shell to ensure that it will always give the highest performance.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

'TIPS' AND TAILS



Bright lights and airy chatter . . . . and over the cocktails whispered confidences mingling with the latest dance rhythm . . . . capped, almost invariably, with Player's Cork Tipped, 'Medium' or 'Mild' as preferred

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Then and Now

By Eleanor E. Helme

Dear Bystander,

Every now and again something happens which sets one looking backwards. That may not be so altogether profitable as looking forward. The Ladies' Golf Union, for example, will doubtless be wise at the annual meeting if they look forward and consider the definition of an amateur question in the light of what is to come, what the modern conditions of life and livelihood are for women now, and not only what these were when the L.G.U. was first formed.

On the other hand, nobody is so foolish as to deny that much may be learnt from what has gone before, if only because of the encouragement from watching progress achieved. It is good to heed the milestones as they flash past, and from them to take stock of ourselves.

Such a milestone is the greatly-to-be-regretted death the other day of Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell, who, as Lady Margaret Scott, won the first three Open championships. That was in itself a remarkable achievement, which, by the way, has never been excelled, though Miss Cecil Leitch equalled it by winning in 1914, '20, and '21 (no Opens were played in the intervening years because of the war), and by Miss Wilson in 1931, '32, and '33. Miss Wethered's four wins, of course, were 1922, '24, '25, and '29. Nobody will pretend that the standard was as high or competition as fierce in the 'nineties as it was thirty years later, but nobody can do more than be at the top of any tree, and stay there.

Lady Margaret must have done more; she must have set up a standard which was capable of development by her successors, who presumably took what was best in her game and developed it. I only once saw her hit a shot, and that was long after she had ceased to be a championship competitor, though she still had a single-figure handicap; the impression remains of a perfect swing of the old-fashioned type, full and free, and of a charming personality which must have done much to reconcile the world at large to this terrible innovation (as it doubtless seemed in 1893), this new freak female, the lady golfer. What present-day golfers owe to Lady Margaret may well be pondered over, with a great deal of gratitude, coupled, needless to say, with the name of Mrs. Miller, who, as Miss Issette Pearson, was runner-up to her the first two years of the championship. That was in itself another remarkable performance, when one considers that the work of organising those championships was on her shoulders.

But without disrespect to these great pioneers, we may very suitably consider how women's golf has progressed since then. I suppose for a woman to carry a hundred yards was almost unheard of; the hazards on the Lytham and St. Anne's ladies' course, where the first championship was played, were, I believe, at most eighty yards from the tee. Granted that balls—those were gutty days, be it remembered—have improved out of all belief, and that clubs, too, are immeasurably better, there does still remain an immense advance in the sheer skill of the golfers who to-day hit the ball double those distances with something like regularity.

I believe, though, that we shall be astonished when we learn, in due course, the average length of carry on which the scratch scores of the L.G.U. will be fixed when the new system for these is in working order. The statistics have been arrived at only after an immense number of tests, and there will be no disputing them, but it is certain that a good many people will sit up and argue that they themselves, let alone Internationals, hit the ball much further than that. Well, they are welcome to their opinion, but if they will measure all their drives, not merely those which please them as being their best, they will probably get a pretty severe shock. I certainly did when I heard what the average carry of our longest ladies worked out at.

Be that as it may, the added length of to-day is amazing. When I look back over the pother we all made of carrying the Cape Bunker at Westward Ho! in the 1910 Championship, which was the first time I saw that redoubtable hazard, and the ease with which we got over it in the English ones of 1925 and 1933, I do realise how that part of the game has improved.

Whether the short game has come on in the same proportion may be doubted. Unluckily, my recollection does not go back to the prime of the Misses Hezlets and Miss Rhona Adair and Miss Bertha Thompson, but I have a notion that even when I saw them losing, instead of winning, championships, the number of chips they laid dead were not far short of what the present-day champions would expect to do themselves. One does so wonder; but it is a perfectly futile argument which can never be proved. At least, if I had kept all my earliest notebooks, which do record chips put dead, I suppose that they could be compared with my current ones. But from such a monumental task Heaven defend me!

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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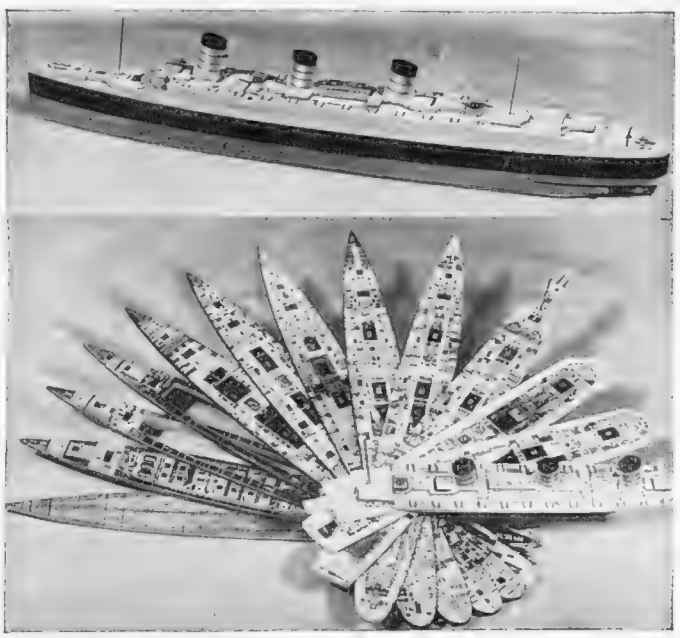

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Sixth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 19th and 20th, 1938

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 19th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 19th will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements and terms for the week-end will be announced in this space in a later issue.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, Kingshill, Sunningdale, Berks.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare, by noon on March 18th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • Entrance Fee 5/-

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Weston-Super-Mare on Saturday, March 19th and Sunday, March 20th

Entries close when the list is full or on March 5th

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

I enclose entrance fee of 5s. and a handicap certificate.

(Signed) .....

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 9—February 15

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE INNOCENT PARTY.—Mary Ellis plays a temperamental foreign wife to Cecil Parker's stolid Englishman: St. James's, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MELODY THAT GOT LOST.—Quite a charming and original theme from the Danish with Esmond Knight and Dorothy Hyson as married couple: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—Eugene O'Neill's sombre trilogy has a grim and exciting tale of fate with brilliant acting by Beatrix Lehmann supported by Robert Harris and Laura Cowie: New, 7 (not Mon. or Fri.). Mon., Fri., 2.30.

NUTS IN MAY.—Steve Geray (who also produced) and Magda Kun and Peter Haddon in this comedy from the Continent: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

OTHELLO.—Ralph Richardson as the Moor, Laurence Olivier as Iago, Curigwen Lewis as Desdemona: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A strong, sensitive production of Chekhov with Carol Goodner, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as the three, Gielgud as Vershinin, Redgrave as Tusenbach: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition: Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARINA.—An amusing and musical extravaganza on ice: Empress Stadium, Earl's Court, 8.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp, Sat., 2.30.

OH! LETTY.—A musical comedy that's musical, funny and gay, with Sydney Howard and Wylie Watson, Phyllis Stanley and Bertha Belmore: Palace, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 101.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

"Folies Superbes"

George Dormonde and his brother contribute a capital trick-cycling act to the all-round attractions of the London Casino show

Mirth and Mystery

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—Hartley Power heads an American cast in a coarse, hoarse farce which makes the actors and audience roar: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS MONEY BUSINESS.—A family comedy with Antoinette Cellier, Henry Kendall, and Diana Beaumont: Garrick 8.30. Thurs Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

MIRABELLE.—A farcical comedy by Guy Pelham Boulton: Vaudeville, to-night, 9th.

THE ISLAND.—Godfrey Tearle leads in this play by Merton Hodge: Comedy, Thurs., 10th.

BLACK SWANS.—A light comedy written by Geoffrey Kerr, produced by Maurice Colbourne, decorated by Molly McArthur, with Richard Bird and Sophie Stewart: Apollo, Tues., 15th.

CINEMAS

THE AWFUL TRUTH (American).—Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in an almost crazy marriage comedy: Regal.

THE BUCCANEER (American).—Another vast de Mille canvas of the pirate (Fredric March) who saved America from the English: Carlton.

LA BELLE EQUIPE (French).—Julien Duvivier directed this story of five comrades (Jean Gabin is one) who fall out: Berkeley.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier also directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; Françoise Rosay, Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

DINNER AT THE RITZ (American).—Paris and the Riviera and a plucky girl (Annabella) who traces her father's murderer: New Gallery.

FIRST LADY (American).—Kay Francis in this: Plaza.

LA GRANDE ILLUSION (French).—A trilingual film that knocks Hollywood silly with its skill and artistry, showing life in and escape from a war prison camp in Germany; Gabin, Fresnay, von Stroheim: Academy.

GRIBOUILLE (French).—Raimu has a great part in this film of French village life and a murder trial: Curzon.

100 MEN AND A GIRL (American).—Romance, humour, music, and a good story; Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, Leopold Stokowski: Leicester Square.

THE HURRICANE (American).—Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour in an exciting South Seas spectacle: Odeon.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—Muni's tour de force in a sincere period film is at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

MANNEQUIN (American).—Joan Crawford's newest has Spencer Tracy opposite her again: Empire.

NOTHING SACRED (American).—Fredric March as a hot reporter, Walter Connolly as his editor, Carole Lombard as the girl who provides copy—and romance: London Pavilion.

TOVARICH (American).—Excellent film version of the stage success has Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Basil Rathbone, Isabel Jeans in it: Tivoli.

YOUNG AND INNOCENT (British).—Excellent acting by Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, excellent direction by Hitchcock in a naïve story: Gaumont.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

DON GIOVANNI.—To-night, 9th, 7.45.

CASSE-NOISETTE, BARABOU.—Thurs., 10th, 8.30.

DIE MEISTERSINGER.—Fri., 11th, 6.45.

CHECKMATE, LAC DES CYGNES (Act III.), AURORA pas de deux, FAÇADE.—Sat., 12th, 2.30.

DON GIOVANNI.—Sat., 12th, 7.45.

LAC DES CYGNES (Act II.), HOROSCOPE, RAKE'S PROGRESS: Tues., 15th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

RACHMANINOFF.—Queen's Hall, Sat., 12th, 3.

SOLOMON.—Schumann-Chopin recital: Queen's Hall, Tues., 15th, 8.30.

Concerts

B.B.C.—Wood conducts the orchestra, the Philharmonic choir, eight soloists in Mahler's eighth symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 9th, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Weingärtner conducts in three symphonies—Haydn's "Military," Mozart's in G minor, Beethoven's second: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 10th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Schneevoigt conducts the L.P.O. in Brahms' first symphony, Sibelius' first symphony, Tchaikowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor (Anatole Kitain): Covent Garden, 13th, 3.15.

EXHIBITION

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WINDMILL
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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Nita Kathleen Redman

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Redman, of Lansdown, Camberley, Surrey, and is engaged to Norman St. Clair Campbell, only son of Lieut.-Col. N. St. C. Campbell, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A., and the late Mrs. Campbell

Yvonne Gregory

Patricia Lees

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. L. W. W. W. Lees, of Cheswardine Old Hall, Salop, and is engaged to marry C. J. Coghill, The 62nd Regiment, only son of Col. and Mrs. C. E. Coghill, of Ternhill Hall, Salop.

Lenare

Pamela Mary Pantlin

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pantlin, of 59, Portland Court, W.1; she is engaged to Desmond Wilkinson Llewelyn, only son of the late Ivor Llewelyn and Mrs. Llewelyn, of Sandy Mount, Southerndown, Glamorgan

Kay Vaughan

Cicely Eve

Is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. Stewart Eve, of 26, Willow Road, Hampstead, and is engaged to Antony Gibbons Grinling, son of the late Gibbons Grinling and Mrs. Grinling, of Oak Lodge, Bishop's Avenue, N.2

Lenare

Priscilla Margaret Moore

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Moore, of Lime Tree Farm, Chartridge, Chesham, Bucks. She is engaged to Andrew Gordon Wilson, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Walter G. Wilson, of Lower Chilland House, near Winchester

Fayer of Vienna

Aileen Michelle Deprez

Is the only daughter of the late Capt. Austin Deprez and Mrs. A. K. Main, of The Old Malt House, Chitterne, Warminster; she is engaged to Percival Kenneth Robinson, only son of the late G. H. Robinson and Mrs. Armfield, of Langdon, Court Road, Eltham

Lenare

Mollie Wilson Powell

Is the only daughter of the late Samuel Powell and Mrs. Powell, of Stratford Court, W.1; she is to marry Stanley Ballance, only son of the late Dr. H. Stanley Ballance and the late Mrs. Ballance

Judith Ram

Is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Chetwode Ram, of Wentworth House, Newbury, and is to marry Charles Dymoke Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Dymoke Green, of Dursley, St. Albans

Regent

Mollie Hopper

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hopper, of Hadley Wood, Middlesex; she is engaged to Douglas Eberstein, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Carl Eberstein, of Mount Pleasant, Cockfosters, Herts.

Lenare

Elizabeth James

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid James, of Hawkswell, Stamfordham, Northumberland. She is engaged to Lt.-Com. (E.) Nigel E. Bagshaw, younger son of the Rev. R. S. and late Mrs. Bagshaw, of Potton, Beds.

Douglas

Kitty Coutts

Is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Duncan Coutts, of St. Helier, Jersey, and is engaged to Desmond Pike, Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pike, of Malaya, St. Brelade, Jersey

Yvonne Gregory

Betty Neave

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Neave, of 83, Elm Park Mansions, Chelsea, and she is to marry Jack Blyth, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blyth, of Eiffel Flats, South Rhodesia

Harlip

Helen Meagher

Is to marry David Drummond, son of the late Henry Drummond and the Hon. Mrs. Drummond, of 52, St. Andrew's Road, Henley-on-Thames; she is the daughter of Surgeon Rear-Admiral and Mrs. E. T. Meagher, of 10, Darlaston Road, Wimbledon

Jackson — Thioux

Captain Thomas Ross Jackson, late R.A., younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Jackson, married Olga Thioux at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. She is the youngest daughter of the late A. L. Thioux, Grand Croix de la Couronne, and Mme. Thioux, of Lincé, Belgium

Catherine Bell

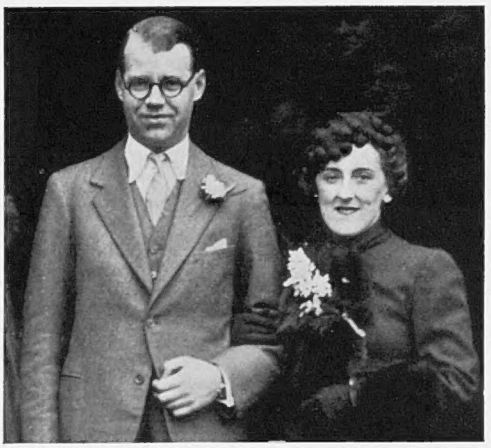
Jori — Dick-Cleland

Lt. Gino Jori, Royal Italian Navy, son of Signor and Signora Simone Jori, of Ancona, married Patricia Mary Dick-Cleland at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Dick-Cleland, of 47, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1

Fayer of Vienna

Rose Marie von Passavant

Is the daughter of Consul-General and Frau von Passavant, of Vienna, and niece of Baron Franckenstein, Austrian Minister in London; she is to marry Berkeley Villiers, son of Lt.-Col. and Lady Kathleen Villiers, of 13, West Halkin Street, S.W.1



Lyall — Fildes

Arthur Weatherman Lyall, of Craven House, Bramhall Park, Bramhall, Stockport, and Jean Stephenson Fildes, only daughter of Sir Henry Fildes, M.P., and Lady Fildes, J.P., of Endon House, Kerridge, were married at St. Oswald's Church, Bollington Cross, Macclesfield

Sherston-Baker — Binns

Humphrey Sherston-Baker and Margaret (Bobby) Binns were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the only son of Lt.-Col. Sir Dodington and Lady Sherston-Baker, of 13, Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea; she is the daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Henry Binns, of 9, Camden St., W.8

Peter North

Lynette Guinness

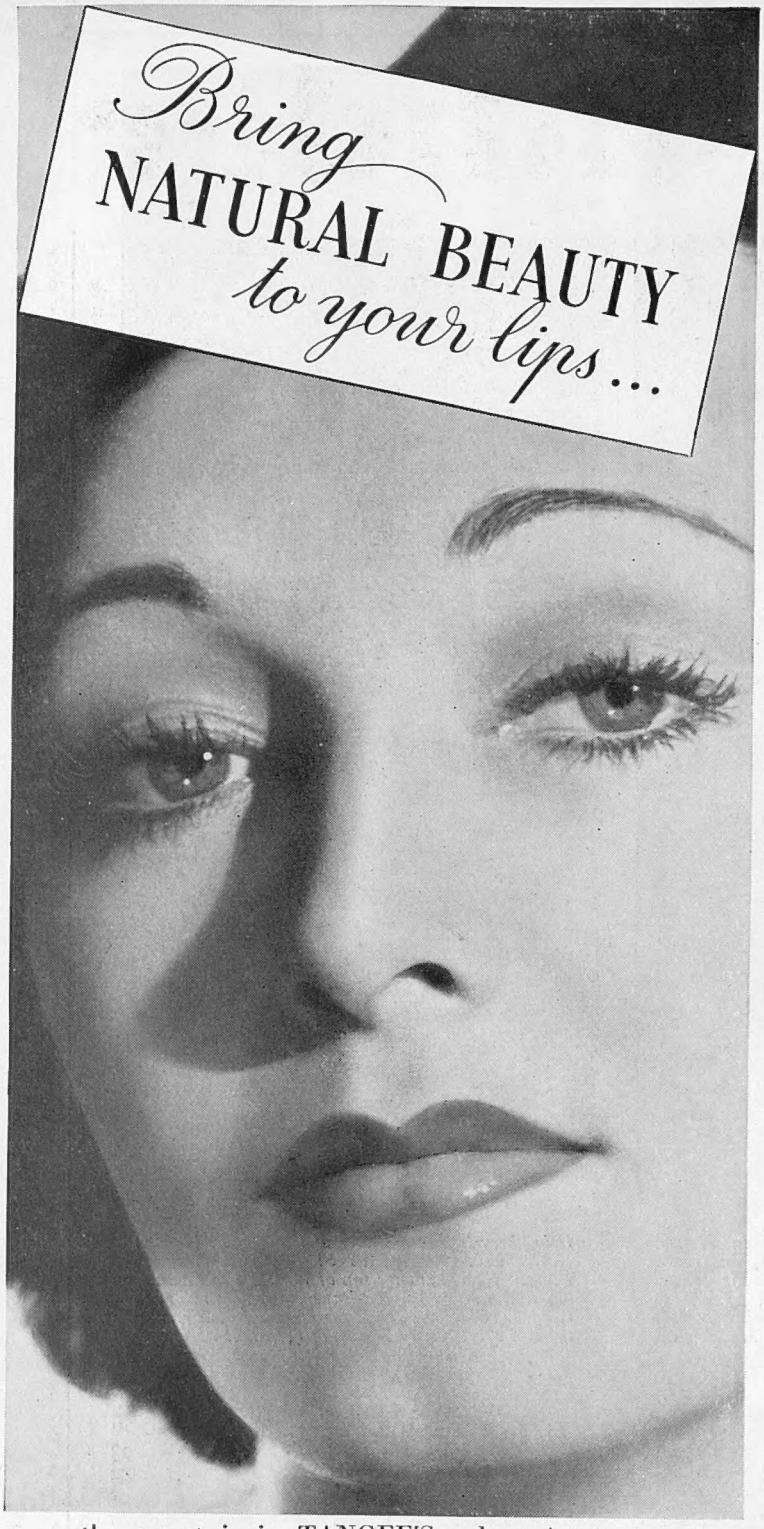
Lynette Mary Bracelet Guinness, daughter of the late Captain E. C. Guinness and Mrs. Guinness, of West Mill, Buntingford, is engaged to George Streeter, Queen's Bays, son of the late G. S. Streeter and Mrs. Streeter, of Thorley Place, Bishop's Stortford

Manson — Gardiner

John Prendergast Manson, 45th Rattray's Sikhs, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. A. P. Manson, of Bedford, and Doreen Gardiner, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gardiner, of 9, Carlton Close, Green Lane, Edgware, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Agnew — Godber

Andrew Agnew, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Agnew, of Glenlee Park, New Galloway, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Joyce Violet Godber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Godber, of 1, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster



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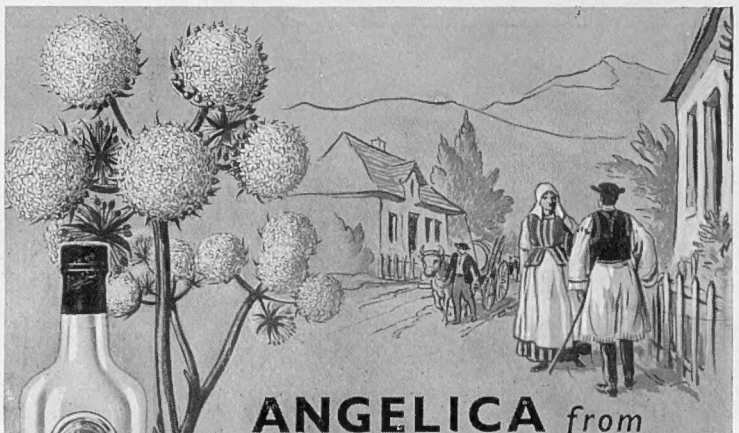

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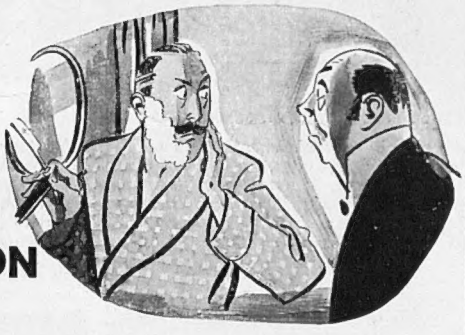

KENSINGTON GORE

"Hawkins, the sticking plaster. I've cut my chin. My hand, for some reason, is somewhat unsteady."

"Very good, Sir."

"And while you're about it, Hawkins, you might get something to cure a headache. Enough to cure four men."

"I did not know we had guests, Sir. Where did the three other gentlemen sleep?"

"There are no other gentlemen. The hangover in question belongs to me. It is probably the fiercest specimen now in captivity."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Sir. I myself am largely to blame. Knowing you were to attend last night's reunion, I had intended to lay in some Rose's Lime Juice. The matter unfortunately slipped my memory."

"What on earth are you getting at?"

"I was explaining, Sir, the therapeutic action of Rose's. A stiff glass, taken after a convivial evening, has the property of banishing these distressing mornings after — apart from which, Sir — it slakes the thirst in no uncertain manner."

"Hawkins, you're not romancing?"

"SIR!"

"Of course, Hawkins, of course. Slip out and order a case of this Rose's. Never mind about the sticking plaster. I don't think I'll need it again."

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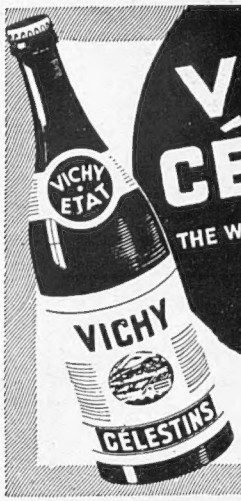
The High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415, Strand, London, W.C.2,

where the advice and assistance of New Zealand Government Tourist Officers are at your service.



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"The baths are good. I spoke with many people, and they were all agreed in that. I had twinges of rheumatism unceasingly during three years, but the last one departed after a fortnight's bathing there, and I have never had one since. I fully believe I left my rheumatism in Baden-Baden. Baden-Baden is welcome to it. It was little, but it was all I had to give."

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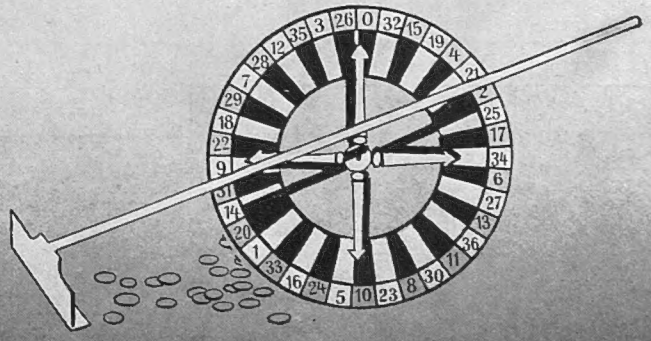

Full information from all Travel-Agencies, from the German Railways Information Bureau, London SW 1, 19, Regent Street or direct from the "Bäder- und Kurverwaltung" Baden-Baden.

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UNDER TECHNICAL SUPERVISION OF THE CENTRAL METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY

TEMPERATURE (MEAN): 1933: 61.49 - 1935: 60.87 ★ BRIGHT SUNSHINE: 1933: 3239.51 - 1935: 3204.47

YEAR 1937.	Mean. $\frac{M+m}{2}$	Maximum Mean.	Minimum Mean.	Solar radiation Mean.	Bright sunshine h. m.	Sea water Mean.
WINTER *(Dec.-Feb.)*	53.80	59.53	48.07	94.48	521.17	55.7
SUMMER *(June-Aug.)*..	68.75	76.59	60.91	112.67	1118.36	61.6

Cruise from London 2½ to 3 days (the passage costs £7). Trains run daily from Lisbon-Paris and Paris-Lisbon. An Air service to all parts of Europe (three times weekly). For information: Casa de Portugal, 20, Regent Street, London, or Propaganda Soc., Estoril, Portugal,

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